The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, - - EDITOR

The Nicely's were badly hurt but were nicely caught.

Among recent deaths are ex congressman S. S. Blair, of Hollidaysburg, and ex-senator R. P. Allen, of Williamsport

With a new financial smashup to read of as you take up any morning's paper, what has become of the good, happy, prosperous, big-wages-for-every-man times promised everybody, if Harrison were elected. Let the laboring man say whether he was deceived or not, let the business man answer the question.

The National Farmers' Alliance, the Patrons of Husbandry and, in fact, all agricultural, organizations have declared that the farmers are not prosperous, but the president of the United States says they are. Probably, however, he means that they raise a large number of mortgages every year.

Christmas is in sight! and it is coming nearer. All are glad—especially the little ones, are glad and on tiptoe for the pleasures of Christmas. Christmas seems to be gaining in popularity every year, while other holidays wear off and people loose interest in them. Christmas is looked forward to by all, old and young, with joy and gladness. Its observance is not local, or confined to any one country, but all over the world the festival is celebrated, and in many tongues are its praises spoken and its honors sung.

Senator Quay is understood to be badly cast down and somewhat alarmed by the developments in the Delamater failure. Among Pennsylvanians it is the talk that the senator fears the ultimate outcome may be a giving away of the secrets of the state campaign and a general expose of the political methods more damaging than anything that has yet been made public. A Pennsylvanian who is on the inside said significantly:

"Watch the developments of the next few days. Before this thing is through with, if I'm not mistaken, there will be revelations that will still farther increase the disgust of the people of Pennsylvania with the rule of the bosses, and make the re-election of Cameron not quite such an easy matter as most people now seem to think it will be."

The Farmers' Alliance is getting to be a big organization, distinct from the grangers, and more public in its deliberations. It is mainly composed of farmers not members of the grange, yet many belonging to the grange order have also joined the Farmers' Alliance. The Alliance has grown wonderfully in a short time and it is rapidly spreading all over the country. There never was an organization that counted as many members. The Alliance aims to better the condition of the depressed agriculturists, and advocates the election to office of men who are reliable and sound in this regard, no matter what the occupation of the individual. This broad and liberal sentiment has gained sympathy for the Alliance and its just cause among right thinking men everywhere, and is the cause of its wonderful growth.

Delamater's Meadville bank like his party, went up last week, and the losers are many. The bank had $100,000 of state funds. The day before the bank was closed, Delamater himself was in Philadelphia and got a $5000 check cashed by collector Martin, on a bank in Erie, where he claimed he had $40,000 on deposit.

That check was sent back, marked, "No funds." He raised $8000 on some other paper, in which he also left the holders out in the cold.

This is rough on the late Republican nominee for governor.

Some body will have to pony up for the $100,000 state funds lost.

What a good thing it was that Delamater did not win for governor.

The Philadelphia *Methodist* says that enough returns have been received from all the Methodist churches in the United States to show that women will hereafter be entitled to seats as lay delegates in the general conference of the church. The vote so far shows that the women have a majority of 6,719 votes out of a total of 27,997, or 62 per cent of all those who cast a ballot are in favor of admitting women lay delegates.

In Pennsylvania the sentiment seems to be against admitting the women, while in New York opinion is about evenly divided. The Western States are more liberal. The 41 Methodist churches in Pittsburgh and visinity are reported to have voted: 1,239 for and 759 against the women.

No Force Bill for the Farmers.

The farmers assembled at Ocala grappled with the Force bill on Wednesday and in such a vigorous manner as to disconcert those who have been loudest in seeking to discredit their political sagacity. Here is their opinion:

"*Whereas*, Said bill involves a radical revolution in the election machinery of the Union, both State and national, and its passage will be fatal to the autonomy of the States and cherished liberties of the citizens; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we do most solemnly protest against the passage of said Lodge Election bill, and we most earnestly petition our Senators to employ all fair and legal means to defeat this unpatriotic measure; and

"*Resolved* further, That a copy of these preambles and resolutions be forwarded to each Senator in Congress."

These are impressive truths, tersely put, and declared in a practical, businesslike, and expeditious manner.

Every Senator and Representative, and especially every Republican Senator and Representative, should read with the eye of care these declarations of the congregated grangers; and some of them might read them with profit more than once. The rural representatives now gathered in Ocala may have trousers which bag at the knees, and hats which may have withstatood the bombardment of many prolonged winters, and they may have much to learn about the routine of deliberative bodies and the methods of politicians; but they know an undemocratic, un-American, despotic, and indudious bill against the liberties of the people, and they do not hesitate to condemn it.

Whatever else the associated grangers may do, or fail to do, this much is settled. They are on record against the Force bill and the hopes of the Republican managers for any contrary course are dashed. No bayonets for the grangers! Hayseed and horse sense, it is evident, are not incompatible at Ocala. If the expectations of the farmers' opponents are realized, the latter may do some unwise things before adjourning and be responsible for declarations upon social and economic matters which cannot stand the ordeal of experience; but in that most vital of public matters, the refusal to relinquish to the supernumeraries of the Federal Administration the control of their right to vote, they prove themselves true Democrats and true Americans.

The Senators and Representatives in the next Congress will have many documents and papers to peruse during the session which will open so auspiciously for the hopes of the Democracy; but it is doubtful if they can derive greater instruction from any paper than from that sent from Ocala, in which the iniquitous Force bill is repudiated in such pertinent phraseology.

A Free Education.

In *The Queens* 'Word Contest,' which the publishers of that magazine announced as the last one they will ever offer, A free Education consisting of a Three Years Course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of *The Queen* or One Year Abroad, consisting of one Entire Years Travel in Europe, all expenses to be paid, will be given to the person sending them the text which is announced in the last issue of *The Queen*. A special deposit of $750. has been made in The Dominion Bank of Canada, to carry out this offer. Many other useful and valuable prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The publishers of *The Queen* have made their popular fanily magazine famous throughout canada and the United States by the liberal prizes given in their previous competitions, and this will positively be the last one offered, they intend to make it excel all others as regards the value of the prizes. Send six two cent. U. S. stamps for copy of *The Queen* containing text, complete rules and lists of prizes. Address *The Queen Canadian* Toronto, Canada.

The fact that the calendar of the national supreme court nearly four years in arrears and that the list is increasing at the rate of about 600 cases a year, while scarcely more than 300 are annually disposed of, should convince congress of the absolute necessity of legislation to remedy the delay which, under present circumstances, is inevitable. At present a poor man no matter how just cause, can have little hope of winning a suit in which federal issues are involved if his antagonist is able to carry the case to the supreme court. Legislation is needed, not so much for the relief of the supreme court as for the relief of suitors and the speedy settlement of issues. If congress has the disposition, something can be done at the present session, short as it will be.

——"Think not the clothes will make the man," but they help. It is an undisputed fact that the Philad. Branch has more handsome styles, finer goods and better assortment of clothing than any two stores in Bellefonte.

The Delamater Failure.

Philad. *Times:* The fuller developments of the suspension and assignment of the Meadville banking house of the Delamaters prove that it is a much more disastrous failure that was at first believed. It is now evident that the firm is hopelessly insolvent, and that large amounts of deposits which would have been protected to some extent at least in any but bottomless insolvency, are likely to be lost.

State Treasurer Boyer seems to be loser to the amount of $100,000 of Sinking Fund money, and the Treasurer of Crawford county; the School Treasurer of the Meadville district, with the Sheriff and other officials, appear to be more or less unfortunate. As Mr. Delamater is one of the sureties for the State Treasurer and the surety for the County and School Treasurers, the local officials are not only heavy sufferers, but the county and probably the school funds may be entirely lost because the only security is the broken bankers.

It would be unfair to criticise any action of Mr Delamater's until all the facts are fully presented to the public; but the unexplained preference of family creditors in the face of obligations which seem to involve the honor of the debtors, must create unfavorable impressions unless justified by facts as yet hidden from the public.

The emphatic protest of the "National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union of America," in session in Florida against the passage of the Lodge election bill has much significance. The resolutions "were carried unanimously and amid the wildest enthusiasm." They declare the bill "involves a radical revolution in the election machinery of the Union," and it "will be fatal to the autonomy of the States and the cherished liberty of the citizens;" they denounce the bill as sectional and partisan, that it will revitalize the gory ghost of sectional estrangement, "and therefore the Alliance solemnly protests" against its passage, as it will "result in nothing but evil to our common and beloved country."

This is explicit as to the position of the Farmers' Alliance and it will have its effect. The stand taken is the only one possible for the Alliance, and it could not remain silent, seeking as it does to unite the farmers of all the States to redress the grievances of the agricultural population. The Southern farmers could not stand neurality on such an ill-advised and infamous measure.

Special Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treaties on the Horse and his Disease," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four million copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work and be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

It is necessary that you mention this paper in sending for the "Treatise." This offer will remain open for only a short time.

The Pittsburg *Post* reasons that we overdo the college busines in the United States, and something in the line of consolidation would be of benefit. We have in this country something like 300 colleges, while the whole of Europe has only 94. But it would be a mistake to assume our facilities for advanced education are better. The 94 European colleges have 1,723 more professors than our combined 300, and their students exceed ours by 41,814. We are a great people, to be sure, but enjoy being humbugged, and have a geat love for fine names. Everything is a college or university with a charter and couple of professors.

Literary Note.

In the New York *Ledger* of November 29, Robert Grant begins a brilliant and entertaining social satire under the title of "Mrs. Harold Stagg." The story is told with the amusing and quiet cleverness which has made the authors's reputation, and contains many striking ideas which will cause Society's backbone to creep. Like "The Anglomaniacs," it places its heroine under a cross-fire from a wealthy swell and a talented youth to fame and fortune unknown—a situation which allows Mr. Grant a coveted opportunity to bombard New York society.

A suspension of one-third of the men working at Renova in the railroad company's employ has been ordered, and will take effect. It has been arranged that one-third lay off each week, and the remaining two-thirds work eight hours per day until further orders.

Forger Alfred H. Smith and the action of Plymouth Church in retaining him upon its roll of members While he occupies a felon's cell in Sing Sing were the subject of Dr. Lyman Abbott's discourse.

He selected this as his text: "Forbearing one another and forgiving one another. If any man have a complaint against you, even as Christ forgives you so also do ye." He said that Christ forgives, not by extenuating sins or merely relieving persons from the punishment which follows them, but by reclaiming and restoring them. Christ tells them that they must render kind service to their fellows when they fall into sin.

The wolves tear into pieces one of the pack when he is injured; buffalos trample over one of their herd when he is wounded, and bees sting to death and turn out of the hive the useless drones.

All these methods, too, of dealing with sinners are common enough in life. Christ, however, points out a different plan, and tells us Christians that we must live up to our professions and reclaim sinners to righteousness.

It had been said that the action of Plymouth Church in the case of Alfred H. Smith would make is seem to young men that they considered forgery a light matter. To this he (Dr. Abbott) replied that if any young man in this congregation fell into sin and wanted help to get out of it, if he would come to Plymouth Church, or its pastor, they would not make light of his sin or call it a foible, but they would give him the right hand of fellowship and use every effort to reclaim him.

Opposed to Railroad.

Ararat, Penn., is the abiding place of a man who has lived in Susquehanna county all his life, and has never yet set his foot upon a railroad car, though the Erie tracks run throuh his farm. When the road was built he declared that the locomotive was the invention of Satan, and he wanted to die before one whistled through his meadows. All attempts to induce him to take a ride upon a train have thus far proved futile.

State Grange Meeting.

Colonel Thomas and other prominent grangers are attending the annual session of the state grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, which opened Tuesday, December 9th. About 500 delegates were present at the afternoon meeting. Eighty-six new granges have been organized and twenty-four reorganized and more than 6,000 members enrolled during the year.

Must assist if Called Upon.

A Lebanon constable has sued two men who refused to assist him in making an arrest. The law provides "that if any person, being required by any sheriff, coroner, constable or any other officer of the commonwealth, shall neglect or refuse to assist him in the execution of his office in any criminal case or preservation of the peace, such person shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction be sentenced to an imprisonment not exceeding one year, or to pay a fine not exceeding $100, or either or both, in the discretion of the court."

A New Remedy.

An exchange while commenting upon the value of common salt as a remedial agent says: "Try a bandage of hot salt outside the face for neuralgia; fill the mouth with hot salt in case of toothache; put a little hot salt in a piece of muslin and then put it in the ear for a second or two when earache is troublesome.

Three burglars entered the residence of Rev. J. C. Musser, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Huntingdon, one night during his absence, and stole about $100 worth of silverware, furs, clothing, etc. They attempted to enter the room occupied by Mr. Musser's sister but were scared off. The same thieves then repaired to the residence of H. W. Read, and stole $100 in money and a gold watch, leaving behind them some of the booty stolen from Mr. Musser. There is no clue to the robbers.

Senator Cameron has been labored with as to the force bill, and only consented to vote to take it up with the understanding that such vote would not imply he would vote for its passage. A number of wealthy Pennsylvania friends of the senator have made large investments at the South, and like the business interest generally, are opposed to the bill. Senator Quay is reported both ways on the bill,

For the past few years a singular fatality has attended the leading members of the Bermind White Coal company. First, Allison White, then Harry Frank, followed by H. G Fisher, and now Chas. F. Berwind, all within the space of two or three years—members of the most prominent and leading coal company of this section—and the majority of them young men in the prime of life.

Death of Mr. Samuel Sparr.

Mr. Samuel Sparr, died at his residence, near Linden Hall, Dec. 4 1890, in his 83rd year. Mr. Sparr was a good citizen in every respect, he was quiet, peaceable, industrious and unassuming, his character being altogether without spot or blemish.

——Boots and shoes below actual cost at Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte. Get a bargain before it is too late.

——The indications now are that the National Guard will attend Governor-elect Pattison's inauguration. Adjutant General Hastings says the question has now resolved down to transportation, which it is believed will be furnished.

——Cantata of Esther will be given at Millheim, night of 20—the characters are made up of persons from Aaronsburg Millheim and Penn Hall, and, no doubt will render a pleasant entertainment,—benefits go to the new Reformed church of Millheim.

——On Tuesday of last week Miss Margaret Watson, of M'Ewensville, died. She is believed to have been the oldest woman in Northumberland county. She was born in Union county 99 years ago, and removed when about 9 years of age.

——On the 2d inst., John A. J. Cumming died at Bloomsburg. He was aged about 60 years and was born in Chillisquaque twp., North'd co. He was born without any hands, but notwithstanding this he become an excellent pensman. He was for two terms register and recorder at Sunbury. He left a wife and one son.

——Young America has taken advantage of the snow and are using the mountain road for coasting. They have a descent of a mile and a half from the top and come down like a streak of greased lightning. It is an exhilerating, yet rather dangerous sport, but so far, no accidents have occurred, except an occasional upset and general rolling of the coasters into the snow bank.

——On Monday, Dec. 1, Mrs. A. L. Gordon met with a painful accident at Mifflinburg, Pa., while blacking a stove. It seems she was using a polish containing benzine, and the stove having fire in it, the composition ignited, setting her clothes on fire, by which both her arms were badly burned. Had it not been for help being near at hand and quickly rendered her, she might have lost her life.

——Mert Cunningham, of Bellefonte, is deeply interested in the report from Washington that A. P. Cunningham, of the latter city, has just received evidence that he is heir to $1,500,000 left by his uncle, John Cunningham, who recently died, leaving a large estate in Australia. If, as Mert now has a good reason to suppose, the A. P. Cunningham alluded to is a cousin of his, then Mert and his sister will be entitled each to one-third of the $1,500,000 estate, and A. P. won't get it all. He is investigating.

——Mrs. Isabella M. Allison, an estimable lady of Porter township, Clinton county, died on Thursday morning, Nov. 13, 1890, at 6.45. She had been in poor health about eighteen months, her disease being bronchial consumption. Mrs. Allison was a true Christian woman, a member of the Mill Hall Presbyterian church and beloved by all her friends and neighbors. She was 58 years. 2 months and 15 days old She was born, raised and lived all her life in the above named township.

——Two little children were left in the house by themselves at Huntersville, near Hughesville, during the temporary absence of their mother, and as the consequence one of them as burned to death. The elder of the twain undertook to amuse the younger by putting a stick in the fire until it ignited and then poking the latter with it. This funny business set the little one's clothes on fire, and when the mother returned she found her baby a blackened corpse, all the clothes having been burned from the body. This was a Sunday occurrence and the name of the family was Rinearson.

——Mr. Charles F. Berwind, president of the Berwind, White Coal Mining company, died on Wednesday at his home in Philadelphia, in his 45th year, He was born in that city April 1, 1846, and was educated at the public schools, graduating from the central high school in 1861. He at once entered the office of R. H. Powel, coal merchant, as office boy and, attracting the attention of Mr. Powel, was taken into the latter's private office. He learned the business so rapidly and showed such aptitude, that when the Powelton Coal and Iron company was organized in 1863. Mr. Berwind, then a youth of 18, was made assistant to the president, succeeding to the vice presidency as soon as he reached his majority. In 1869 the business was divided, the firm of Berwind & Bradley being formed to take over the coal trade of the Powelton Coal and Iron company. It carried on a successful business until its dissolution early in 1874. On July 1 of that year Mr. Berwind associated himself with the firm of White & Lingle, organizing under the name of Berwind, White & Co,

The Consumption Cure.

Dr. Goff, of New York, has just returned from Berlin, whither he had gone to study Dr. Koch's method of consumption cure. He says:

"Yes, I come directly from Berlin, where I have passed some time in study in the clinics of Dr. Bergman and Dr. Cornet, pupils and representatives of Dr. Koch. They are in fact his assistants, and make a practical application of the lymph which he prepares. Dr. Koch, it may be said, does not directly experiment on patients. There I have observed the treatment for both lupus and tuberculosis on people of all ages and conditions, though it should be explained that persons in an advanced stage of consumption are not experimented upon.

"Every patient that is brought into the clinic must have made out a complete table showing his physical condition, and a diagnosis is then made of his disease. This description is read aloud, and changed, if necessary, after each treatment, in order to show what effect the previous inoculation has had. In this way it is possible for the physicians attending the clinics to get an accurate idea of the effect of the lymph.

"These clinics present a strange appearance. So great is the interest that the lecture and operating rooms are crowded to the doors, and even in the halls and corridors there are physicians struggling to get in. It is therefore a matter of some difficulty to get near enough to observe carefully the operation.

"Some of the patients treated are kept at the hospital all the time; others who are more slightly affected are permitted to go to their work while awaiting another inoculation. A very great depression follows the use of the lymph, and while it is usual to inoculate daily, if by reason of this depression the patient has not sufficiently rallied the treatment is deferred.

"Outdoor and laboring patients are inoculated about noon, and as the reaction begins about six hours after inoculation it permits the patient to recover from the depression by the following morning. The inoculation is always made in the back, just over the shoulder blade. This spot is selected by Dr Koch as being most free from abscess and local irritations.

"As each patient is treated it is stated how many injections have been administered the and the quantity, together with results. All the operations are made openly so as to preculude the idea of fraud, and togive the visiting physicians the best possible means of observation. Everything is done with the the greatest care.

"There is however, not much use in being there, as the system of inoculation is so simple. The essential thing is the lymph. The more advanced the disease the smaller the quantity of lymph injected, and the less freqeuntly was it given, as the dangers of depression and reaction are all the greater.

——Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere:

At this season of the year when malaria lurks in the air, and bad colds not an unfrequent visitor we long for a quick and effective remedy. There is scarcely a home without a sufferer from some one of the many ills flesh is heir to." A stimulant is after the intermediator. It is quick and effective. It brings relief and saves doctor bills. We can recommend Mr Max Klein for anything in the liquor line. His Silver Age Rye at $1.50 per quart is the best whiskey in the market. He will sell any Pennsylvania Rye Whiskey, six year old at $100 for each quart, or six for $5.00. Send for his price list and catalogue and mention this paper. Address MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Grain Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

White wheat	93
Red wheat	95
Rye	70
Corn, ears	50
Corn, shelled	55
Oats	44
Barley	55

Produce at Stores.

Butter	20
Eggs	24
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	65

Trades and Occupation.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1891 will give an instructive and helpful Series of Papers, each of which describes the character of some leading Trade for Boys or Occupation for Girls. They give information as to the Apprenticeship required to learn each, the Wages to be expected, the Qualities needed in order to enter, and the prospects of success. To New Subscribers who send $1.75 at once the paper will be sent free to Jan. 1, 1891, and for a full year from that date. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "On Lake Galilee."

TEXT: *"He entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land."*—Mark iv., 1.

It is Monday morning in our Palestine experiences, and the sky is a blue Galilee above, as in the boat we sail the blue Galilee beneath. It is thirteen miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could cast a stone from beach to beach. The lake looks as though it had been let down on silver pulleys from the heavens and were a section of the sea of glass that St. John describes as a part of the celestial landscape. Lake Galilee is a depression of six hundred feet in which the river Jordan comes in at its north side and departs from its south side; so this lake has its cradle and its grave.

Its white satin cradle is among the snows of Mount Hermon where the Jordan starts, and its sepulchre is the Dead Sea into which the Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, Lake Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lomond of Scotland, Lake Winnipesaukee of America are larger, but Lake Galilee is the greatest diamond that ever dropped from the finger of the clouds, and whether encamped on its banks as we were yesterday and worshiping at its crystal altars or wading into its waves, which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its sparkling surface in a boat, it is something to talk about and pray about and sing about until the lips with which we now describe it can neither talk nor pray nor sing.

As sometimes a beautiful child in a neighborhood has a half dozen pet names, and some of the neighbors call her by one name and others by another, so this pet lake of the planet has a profusion of names. Ask the Arab as he goes by what this sheet of water is, and he will call it Tabariyeh. Ask Moses of the Old Testament, and he calls it Sea of Chinnereth. Ask Matthew, and he calls it Sea of Galilee. Ask Luke, and he calls it Sea of Gennesaret. Ask John, and he calls it Sea of Tiberias. Ask Josephus and Eusebius, and they have other names ready. But to me it appears a child of the sky, a star of the hills, a rhapsody of the mountains, the baptismal bowl of the world's temple, the smile of the great God. Many kinds of fish are found in these waters, every kind of tree upon its bank, from those that grow in the torrid zone to those in the frigid, from the plain to the cedar.

Of the two hundred and thirty war ships Josephus manœuvred on these waters—for Josephus was a warrior as well as a historian—there remains not one piece of a hulk, or one patch of a canvas, or one splinter of an oar. But to return to America we never will until we have had a sail upon this inland sea. Not from a wharf, but from a beach covered with black and white pebbles, we go on board a boat of about ten or twelve tons, to be propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. The mast leans so far forward that it seems about to fall, but we find it was purposely so built, and the rope through a pulley manages to hoist and let down the sail. It is a rough boat, and as far as possible removed from a Venetian gondola or a sportsman's yacht. With a common saw and hammer and ax many of you could make a better one. Four barefooted Arabs, instead of sitting down to their oars, stand, as they always do in rowing, and pull away from shore. I insist on helping, for there is nothing more exhilarating to me than rowing, but I soon have enough of the clumsy oars and the awkward attempt at wielding them while in standing posture.

We put our overcoats and shawls on a small deck in the stern of the boat, the very kind of a deck where Christ lay on a fisherman's coat when of old a tempest pounced upon the fishing smack of the affrighted disciples. Ospreys and wild ducks and kingfishers fly overhead or dip their wings into the lake, mistaking it for a fragment of fallen sky. Can it be that those Bible stories about sudden storms on this lake are true? Is it possible that a sea of such seeming placidity of temper could ever rise and rage at the heavens? It does not seem as if this happy family of elements could have ever had a falling out, and the water strike at the clouds and the clouds strike at the water.

Pull away, oarsmen! On our right bank are the hot sulphur baths, so hot they are scalding, and the waters must cool off a long while before hand or foot can endure their temperature. Volcanoes have been boiling these waters for centuries. Four springs roll their resources into two great swimming reservoirs. King Herod here tried to bathe off the results of his excesses, and Pliny and Josephus describe the spurtings out of these volcanic heats, and Joshua and Moses knew about them, and this moment long lines of pilgrims from all parts of the earth are waiting for their turn to step into the steaming restoratives.

Let the boat, as far as possible and not run aground, hug the western shore of the lake that we may see the city of Tiberias, once a great capital, of the architecture of which a few mosaics and fallen pillars and pedestals, and here and there a broken and shattered frieze remain, mightily suggestive of the time when Herod Antipas had a palace here and reigned with an opulence and pomp and cruelty and abomination that paralyzes the fingers of the historian when he comes to write it and the fingers of the painter when he attempts to transfer it to canvas. I suppose he was one of the worst men that ever lived. And what a contrast of character comes at every moment to the thoughtful traveler in Palestine, whether he walks the beach of this lake or sails as we now do these waters!

Side by side are the two great characters of this lake region, Jesus and Herod Antipas. And did any age produce any such antipodes, any such antitheses, any such opposites? Kindness and cruelty, holiness and filth, generosity and meanness, self-sacrifice and selfishness, the supernal and the infernal, midnoon and midnight. The father of this Herod Antipas was a genius at assassination. He could manufacture more reasons for putting people out of this life than any man in all history. He sends for Hyrcanus to come from Babylon to Jerusalem to be made high priest, and slays him. He has his brother-in-law while in bathing with him drowned by the king's attendants. He slays his wife and his wife's mother and two of his sons and his uncle, and filled a volume of atrocities, the last chapter of which was the massacre of all the babies at Bethlehem.

With such a father as Herod the Great you are not surprised that this Herod Antipas, whose palace stood on the banks of this lake we now sail, was a combination of wolf, reptile and hyena; while the Christ who walked yonder banks and sailed these waters was so good that almost every rood of this scenery is associated with some wise word or some kindly deed, and all literature and all art and all earth and all heaven are put to the utmost effort in trying to express how grand and glorious and lovely He was and is and is to be. The Christly and Herodic characters as different as the two lakes we visit, and not far apart Galilee and the Dead Sea; the one lower banked and the other bituminous and blasted, the one hovered over by the mercy of Christ, the other blasted by the wrath of God, the one full of finny tribes sporting in the clear depths, the other forever lifeless; the waters of the one sweet and pleasant to the taste, the other bitter and sharp and disgusting. Awful Dead Sea! Glorious Gennesaret.

We will not attempt to cross the eastern side of this lake, as I had thought to do, for those regions are inhabited by a thieving and murderous race, and one must go thoroughly armed, and as I never shot any one and have no ambition to be shot, I said: "Let us stay by the western shore." But we look over to the hills of Gadara, on the other side, down which two thousand swine after being possessed by the devil ran into the lake, and bringing down on Christ for permitting it the wrath of all the stock raisers of that country because of this ruining of the pork business. You see that Satan is a spirit of bad taste. Why did he not say: "Let me go into those birds, whole flocks of which fly over Galilee?" No; that would have been too high. "Why not let me go into the sheep which wander over these hills?" No; that would have been too gentle. "Rather let me go into these swine. I want to be with the denizens of the mire. I want to associate with the inhabitants of the filth. Great! mud! I prefer bristles to wings. I would rather root than fly. I like snout better than wing."

Infidelity scoffs at the idea that those swine should have run into the lake. But it was quite natural that under the heat and burning of that demoniac possession they would start for the water to get cooled off. Would that all the swine thus possessed had plunged to the same drowning, for this day the descendants of some of those porcine creatures retain the demons, and as the devils were cast out of man into them they now afflict the human race with the devils of scrofula, that comes from eating the unclean meat! The healthiest people on earth are the Israelites, because they follow the bill of fare which God in the book of Leviticus gave to the human race, and our splendid French Dr. Pasteur and our glorious German Dr. Koch may go on with their good work of killing parasites in the human system; but until the world corrects its diet, and goes back to the divine regulation at the beginning, the human race will continue to be possessed of the devils of microbe and parasite. But I did not mean to cross over to the eastern side of Lake Galilee even in discussion.

Pull away, ye Arab oarsmen! And we come along the shore near by which stand great precipices of brown and red and gray limestone crowned by basalt, in the sides of which are vast caverns, sometimes the hiding place of bandits, and sometimes the home of honest shepherds, and sometimes the dwelling place of pigeons and vultures and eagles. During one of Herod's wars his enemies hid in these mountain caverns and the sides were too steep for Herod's army to descend, and the attempt to climb in the face of armed men would have called down extermination. So Herod had great cages of wood, iron-bound, made and filled them with soldiers and let them down from the top of the precipices until they gave signal that they were level with the caverns, and then from these cages they stepped out to the mouth of the caverns, and having set enough grass and wood on fire to fill the caverns with smoke and strangulation, the hidden people would come forth to die; and if not coming forth voluntarily Herod's men would pull them out with long iron hooks, and Josephus says that one father, rather than submit to the attacking army flung his wife and seven children down the precipice and then leaped after them to his own death.

Now, ye Arab oarsmen, row on with swifter stroke, for we want before noon to land at Capernaum, the three years' home of Jesus. But before arrival there we are to have a new experience. The lake that had been a smooth surface begins to break up into roughness. The air, which all the morning made our sail almost useless, suddenly takes hold of our boat with a grip astonishing, and our poor craft begins to roll and pitch and tumble, and in five minutes we pass from a calm to violence. The contour of this lake among the hills is an invitation to hurricanes. I used to wonder why it was that on so limited a sheet of water a bestormed boat in Christ's time did not put back to shore when a hurricane was coming. I wonder no more.

On that lake an atmospheric fury gives no warning, and the change we saw in five minutes made me feel that the boat in which Christ sailed may have been skilfully managed when the tempest struck it and the wild, importunate cry went up, "Lord save us or we perish!" I had all along that morning been reading from the New Testament the story of occurrences on and around that lake. But our Bible was closed now, and it was as much as we could do to hold fast and wish for the land. If the wind and the waves had continued to increase in violence the following fifteen minutes in the same ratio as in the first five, and we had been still at their mercy, our bones would have been bleaching in the bottom of Lake Gennesaret instead of our being here to tell the story.

But the same power that rescued the fishermen of old to-day safely landed our party. What a Christ for rough weather! All the sailor boys ought to fly to Him as did those Galilean mariners. All you in the forecastle and all you who run up and down the slippery ratlines, take to sea with you Him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mountain gorges. Some of you Jack Tars to whom these words will come need to "tack ship" and change your course if you are going to get across this sea of life safely and gain the heavenly harbor. Belay there! Ready about! Helm's a-lee! Main-sail haul!

> Star of peace! beam o'er the billow,
> Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
> Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
> Far, far at sea.

Here at Capernaum, the Arabs having in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where our Lord ever had a pastorate, and we stepped amid the ruins of the church where He preached again and again and again—the synagogue whose rich sculpturing lay there, not as when others see it in springtime covered with weeds and loathsome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to our agitated and intense gaze? On one stone of that synagogue is the sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commemoration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which sculpturing no doubt Christ pointed upward while He was preaching that sermon on this very spot in which He said: "Not as our fathers did eat manna and are dead; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." Wonderful Capernaum! Scene of more miracles than any place in all the earth! Blind eyes kindling with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blooming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab tents which on this December day I find in Palestine disappear, and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the church here. Look at that wealthy home, the architecture, the marble front, the upholstery, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a courtier of Herod, probably Chuza by name, his wife Joanna, a Christian disciple. But something is the matter. The slaves are in great excitement, and the courtier living there runs down the front steps and takes a horse and puts him at full run across the country. The boy of that nobleman is dying of typhoid fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles up the country, at Cana, there is a divine doctor, Jesus by name, and the agonized father has gone for Him, and with what earnestness those can understand who have had a dying child in the house. This courtier cries to Christ, "Come down ere my child die!"

While the father is absent, and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the dying boy see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on one side of his couch, says: "Why, this darling is getting well; the fever has broken. See the prespiration on his forehead. Did any of you give him any new kind of medicine?" "No," is the answer. The boy turns on his pillow, his delirium gone, and asks for something to eat and says: "Where's father?" Oh, he has gone up to Cana to get a young doctor of about thirty-one years of age. But no doctor is needed now in this house at Capernaum. The people look at the sun dial to see what time it is, and see it is just past noon and 1 o'clock. Then they start out and meet the returning father and as soon as they come within speaking distance they shout at the top of their voices. "Your boy is getting well." "Is it possible?" says the father. "When did the change for the better take place?" "One o'clock" is the answer. "Why," says the courtier, "that is just the hour that Jesus said to me 'Thy son liveth.' One o'clock.

As they gather at the evening meal what gladness on all the countenances in that home at Capernaum! The mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights, and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn out with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana, is soon in restful unconsciousness. Joanna was a Christian before, but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Did the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restoration of an imperiled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make surrender to the almighty love that came to the rescue?

The mightiest agency in the universe is prayer, and it turns even the Almighty. It decides the destinies of individuals, families and nations. During our sad civil war a gentleman was a guest at the White House in Washington, and he gives this incident. He says: "I had been spending three weeks in the White House with Mr. Lincoln as his guest. One night—it was just after the battle of Bull Run—I was restless and could not sleep. I was repeating the part which I was to take in a public performance. The hour was past midnight. Indeed, it was coming near to the dawn when I heard low tones proceeding from a private room where the President slept. The door was partly open. I instinctively walked in, and there I saw a sight which I shall never forget. It was the President kneeling before an open Bible.

"The light was turned low in the room. His back was turned toward me. For a moment I was silent as I stood looking in amazement and wonder. Then he cried out in tones so pitiful and sorrowful: 'Oh, Thou God that heard Solomon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me! I cannot lead this people, I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without Thy help. I am poor and weak and sinful. Oh, God, who didst hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save the nation!' You see we don't need to go back to Bible times for evidence that prayer is heard and answered.

But some one may say that Christ at Capernaum healed that courtier's child, yet would not have done it for one in humble life. Why, in that very Capernaum he did the same thing for a dying slave belonging to the man who had made a present to the town of the church of which Jesus was pastor, the synagogue among whose ruins I today leap from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of a Roman soldier's slave, whose only acknowledged rights were the wishes of his owner. And none are now so enslaved or so humble or so sick or so sinful but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them, ready to cure them, ready to emancipate them. Hear it! Pardon for all. Mercy for all. Help for all. Comfort for all. Heaven for all. Oh, this lake Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ it must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead, and preaching to the multitudes all day long to come down on these banks in the night time, and feel the cool air of the sea on His hot face, and look up to the stars, the lighted lamps around the heavenly palaces from which He had descended!

> All heaven and earth were still: from the high host
> Of stars to the hushed lake and mountain coast.
> All heaven and earth were still—though not in sleep,
> But breathless, as we grow when feeling most.

"But," says some one, "why was it that Christ, coming to save the world, should spend so much of His time on and around so solitary a place as Lake Galilee? There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both the western and eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the sounds coming from the mud hovels of the degraded. Why did not Christ begin at Babylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historic, at Thebes the hundred gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was going to save the world, why not go where the world's people dwell? Would a man wishing to revolutionize for good the American continent, pass his time amid the fishing huts on the shores of Newfoundland?"

My friends, Galilee was the hub of the wheel of civilization and art, and the center of a population that staggers realization. On the shore of the lake we sail to-day stood nine great cities—Scythopolis, Tarichæ, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, Tiberias—and many villages, the smallest of which had 15,000 inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Palaces, temples, coliseums, gymnasiums, amphitheatres, towers, gardens terraced on the hillsides, fountains bewildering with sunlight, baths upon whose mosaic floors kings trod; while this lake, from where the Jordan enters it to where the Jordan leaves it, was beautiful with all styles of shallop or dreadful with all kinds of war galley. Four thousand ships, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there, which shocked all nations with their consequences.

> Here mingling blood with purest sparkling foam,
> In her last throes Judea fought with Rome.

Upon those sea fights looked Vespasian and Titus and Trajan and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers escaping from these vessels of war were one day massacred in the amphitheatre at Tiberias. For three hundred years that almost continuous city encircling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved and reanimate its dead.

And let the church and the world take the suggestion. While the solitary places are not to be neglected, we must strike for the great cities, if this world is ever to be taken for Christ. Evangelize all the earth except the cities and in one year the cities would corrupt the earth. But bring the cities and all the world will come. Bring London and England will come. Bring Berlin and Germany will come. Bring Paris and France will come. Bring St. Petersburg and Russia will come. Bring Vienna and Austria will come. Bring Cairo and Egypt will come. Bring the near three million people in this cluster of cities on the Atlantic coast and all America will soon see the salvation of God. Ministers of religion! let us intensify our evangelism. Editors and publishers! purify your printing presses! Asylums of mercy! enlarge your plans of endeavor!

And instead of this absurd and belittling and wicked rivalry among our cities as to which happens to have the most men and women and children, not realizing that the more useless and bad people a city has the worse it is off, and a city which has ten thousand good people is more to be admired than a city with one hundred thousand bad people, let us take a moral census, and see how many good men and good women are leaning forth, how large a generation of good children who will consecrate themselves and consecrate the round world to holiness and to God. Oh, thou blessed Christ, who didst come to the mighty cities encircling Lake Galilee! come in mercy to all our great cities of to-day.

Thou who didst put Thy hand on the white mane of the foaming billows of Gennesaret and make them lie down at Thy feet, hush all the raging passions of the world! Oh, Thou blessed Christ, who on the night when the disciples were trying to cross this lake and "the wind was contrary," after nine hours of rowing had made only three miles, didst come stepping on water that at the touch of Thy foot hardened into crystal, meet all our shipping, whether on placid or stormy seas, and say to all Thy people now, by whatever style of tempest tossed or driven, as Thou didst to the drenched disciples in the cyclone: "Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid!"

Thank God that I have seen this lake of Christly memories, and I can say with Robert McCheyne, the ascended minister of Scotland, who, seated on the banks of this lake, wrote in his last sick days, and just before he crossed the Jordan, not the Jordan that empties into Galilee, but the Jordan that empties into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," these sweet words, fit to be played by human fingers on strung strings of earthly lute, or by angelic fingers on seraphic harps:

> It is not that the wild gazelle
> Comes down to drink thy tide,
> But He that was pierced to save from hell
> Oft wandered by thy side.
> Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
> Thou calm, reposing sea:
> But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
> Of Jesus walked o'er thee.
> O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
> Yet the same Saviour still,
> Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand
> And every fragrant hill.

How to Entertain.

The art of entertaining lies largely in not entertaining too much. The tact to leave a guest free to follow his own devices, and yet to feel that he is surrounded by delicate thoughtfulness for his welfare, is a very desirable gift, but is one, too, that can be to a great extent cultivated. If a guest finds an earthly paradise in the library, and loves to sit and read or write, and browse among books quite at his own sweet will, it is not the part of tact to drag him out to play lawn tennis or croquet. If he is not a pedestrian by nature or grace, it is the reverse of entertainment to invite him on long walks, however interesting the scenery or pleasant the object. On the other hand, the guest, too, may well cultivate a reasonable independence, and, if he has little private fads and desires, carry them out harmlessly, without impressing his entertainers into service. He may like to go to a certain church, or go to an early service, or make a call, or attend a lecture, or a dozen other things in which the hostess feels no real interest; and if she accompany her guest it is merely for courtesy, and very likely at the cost of some inconvenience. There is no reason why the visitor should not pursue his own way in these personal tastes, so far as can be done without absenting himself conspicuously from the household circle, and both hostess and guest will enjoy each other's company all the better by treating them elves to intervals and interludes of solitude or separation. A guest definitely invited for a definite period has every reason to feel his welcome assured; to feel that his presence is a joy to his hostess, else, indeed, why should she have solicited it? This *entente cordial* taken for granted, the minor details will easily adjust themselves, and will fall out all the better for mutual freedom. The guest will be put at his entire ease to see that his presence is not interfering at all with the natural life and daily demands of his hostess; to feel that she pays him the compliment of believing him a rational being, full of his own resources, and not in the least dependent on her constant personal presence. The most delightful thing in the world is to establish one's friends in one's home, and see that the guest is supplied with every comfort, and surrounded with all due attention, and then enjoy the mutual freedom of easy intercourse, together when mutually convenient, or apart when most convenient, each, meanwhile, feeling the charming sense of the near presence and close sympathy.—*Exchange.*

On Window-Cleaning.

THE cleaning of windows seems to be a very easy matter, yet many housewives would prefer to do any other part of the house-cleaning that this; so, as a few general hints towards lightening this labor, we may say, never begin this work until all the paint is cleaned, but more especially that part about the windows. If the window-glass be done first, it is almost impossible to wash the paint round it without smearing the glass.

Never wash windows on a damp day, although a cloudy one is not objectionable for work. A bright, clear, sunny day is the best, choosing that part of it when the windows are in the shade. Windows washed while the sun is on them are sure to be streaky, no matter how well they may be done, for the sun dries them more quickly than they can be wiped, and consequently the water dries just as it is put on by the wash-cloth. Always dust the windows thoroughly both inside and outside before beginning to wash them. Use small, dry paint-brushes to get into crevices and corners when dusting. Wash the inside of the window first, and it will be much easier to detect any defect when doing the outside.

Take as much clear water as desired, but have it as warm as it can be conveniently used without parboiling the hands, and add to it enough carbonate of ammonia to soften it. With a soft cloth that is free from lint wash each pane of glass thoroughly, using a small pointed stick with a cloth on it to go into the corners. Use old cotton to wipe with, and dry each pane immediately after washing. Where the water is quite hot, if the glass be not wiped immediately, it will dry so that it will have to be re-washed ere wiping.

Where the ammonia is not convenient, use clear water, and never on any account use soap of any kind, if you want your glass to be clear. After washing in clear water, a nice polish may be obtained by rubbing the glass with tissue-paper; but where ammonia is used, the latter gives a nice gloss without any extra work. Baking-soda on a damp cloth is said to be nice to give the windows a good polish. Cleaning windows with a cloth wet with kerosene is recommended by some for the same purpose.

How Esquimaux Keep Tab.

When an Esquimaux baby is born a bag of skins is fashioned for its sole use, and in it a record of its age is kept forever after. Into this bag a little bone is put once every year, and it is considered a kind of sacrilege either to take out or put in a bone except at the proper time. The year is reckoned from the time the person first sees the sun appear upon the horizon—for that luminary is not a daily visitor in the land of the frozen north. Four long months of continued night, lighted only by the stars and moon; four months of daylight, without rest from the blinding sun; two months of glimmering twilight before and two after the coming of the sun make up the Arctic year. They have no register of notation of time, nor routine of daily life as we understand it. They eat when they are hungry and sleep when they are sleepy.—*St. Nicholas.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1890.

Jesus Made Known.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 24: 28-43. Memory verses: 36-40.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.*—Heb. 5: 8.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Son's Resurrection Demonstrated.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. To Two Disciples, vs. 28-32.
2. To Simon Peter, vs. 33-35.
3. To The Apostles, vs. 36-43.

GOLDEN TEXT: *And their eyes were opened, and they knew him.*—Luke 24: 31.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 24: 28-43. The Son's resurrection demonstrated.
T.—Mark 16: 1-20. The resurrect on story.
W.—John 20: 19-29. John's parallel story.
T.—1 Cor. 15: 2-20. Paul's story of the resurrection.
F.—1 Pet. 1: 1-9. Peter's joy in the resurrection.
S.—1 John 1: 1-10. John's joy in the risen Jesus.
S.—Acts 17: 16-34. Preaching the resurrection.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. DEMONSTRATED TO TWO DISCIPLES.

I. Jesus Present:
He went in to abide with them (29).
There am I in the midst of them (Matt. 18: 20).
Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end (Matt. 28: 20).
The Samaritans....besought him to abide (John 4: 40).
Christ in you, the hope of glory (Col. 1: 27).

II. Jesus Recognized:
There eyes were opened, and they knew him (31).
He was known of them in the breaking of the bread (Luke 24: 35).
Thomas answered,....My Lord and my God (John 20: 28).
That disciple....saith unto Peter, It is the Lord (John 21: 7).
I know him whom I have believed (2 Tim. 1: 12).

III. Blessings Bestowed.
Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake? (32).
He lifted up his hands, and blessed them (Luke 24: 50).
They....returned to Jerusalem with great joy (Luke 24: 52).
Blessed....with every spiritual blessing....in Christ (Eph. 1: 3).
Blessed are they which are bidden to the marriage supper of the Lamb (Rev. 19: 9).

1. "He made as though he would go further." (1) Testing their interest; (2) Awakening their desires; (3) Evoking their request.
2. "Abide with us." (1) The host's; (2) The guest; (3) The abode; (4) The invitation.
3. "Their eyes were opened, and they knew him." (1) Closed eyes and ignorance; (2) Opened eyes and knowledge.—(1) Closed eyes; (2) Ignorance; (3) Perplexity; (4) Opened eyes; (5) Knowledge; (6) Joy.

II. DEMONSTRATED TO SIMON PETER.

I. The Apostolic Company:
The eleven,....and them that were with them (33).
Them that had been with him (Mark 16: 10).
His disciples were within, and Thomas with them (John 20: 26).
Peter stood up in the midst of the brethren (Acts 1: 15).
Being let go, they came to their own company (Acts 4: 23).

II. The Glad Story:
Saying, the Lord is risen indeed (34).
Go quickly, and tell his disciples, He is risen (Matt. 28: 7).
He is not here, but is risen (Luke 24: 6).
Mary....telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord (John 20: 18).
Now hath Christ been raised from the dead (1 Cor. 15: 20).

III. The Assuring Sight:
The Lord....hath appeared to Simon (34).
He appeared to Cephas (1 Cor. 15: 5).
A living hope by the resurrection of Jesus (1 Pet. 1: 3).
Put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the spirit (1 Pet. 3: 18).
We were eyewitnesses of his majesty (2 Pet. 1: 16).

1. "They rose up that very hour, and returned to Jerusalem." (1) Animated by a new assurance; (2) Bearing a glad message; (3) Seeking a sympathetic company.
2. "The Lord is risen indeed." (1) From the confines of the grave; (2) By the power of the Almighty; (3) Despite the opposition of enemies; (4) For the comfort of the saints.
3. "They rehearsed the things that happened in the way." (1) The weary walk; (2) The sad conversation; (3) The strange companion; (4) The lucid exposition.

III. DEMONSTRATED TO THE APOSTLES.

I. The Lord Appears:
He himself stood in the midst of them (36).
He was manifested unto the eleven themselves (Mark 16: 14).
Jesus came and stood in the midst (John 20: 19).
Jesus cometh, the doors being shut (John 20: 26).
Then to the twelve (1 Cor. 15: 5).

II. Fears Dispelled:
Why are ye troubled? and wherefore do reasonings arise? (38).
Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid (Matt. 14: 27).
Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus (Matt. 28: 5).
Fear not, little flock (Luke 12: 32).
Jesus....saith unto them, Peace be unto you (John 20: 19).

III. Demonstration Granted:
See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself (39).
Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands (John 20: 27).
Reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side (John 20: 27).
He also shewed himself alive...by many proofs (Acts 1: 3).
Which we beheld, and our hands handled (1 John 1: 1).

1. "Peace be unto you." (1) The speaker; (2) The salutation; (3) The result.—(1) Peace from the Lord; (2) Peace for the disciples.
2. "It is I myself." (1) The startling appearance; (2) The natural doubts; (3) The comforting assurance.
3. "They still disbelieved for joy, and wondered." (1) Joy; (2) Disbelief; (3) Wonder.

LESSON BIBLE READING

THE LORD'S RESURRECTION.

To be held in remembrance (2 Tim. 2: 8).
To be diligently studied (Phil. 3: 10).
Begets lively hope (1 Pet. 1: 3, 21).
An emblem of the new birth (Rom. 6: 4; Col. 2: 12).
A pledge of our resurrection (Acts 26: 23; 1 Cor. 15: 20, 23).
The type of our resurrection (1 Cor. 15: 49; Phil. 3: 21).
Fundamental to the gospel (1 Cor. 15: 14, 15).
An assurance of the judgment (Acts 17: 31).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—No intervening events are recorded. The narrative of Luke is continuous.

PLACE.—At the village of Emmaus, the site of which has been already discussed, and in Jersalem.

TIME.—During the evening of Sunday, the 17th of Nisan, 783 A. U. C.; that is, April 9, A. D. 30. The meal at Emmaus was probably just before sundown, and the return to Jerusalem occupied at least two hours.

PERSONS.—Our Lord; two disciples (Cleopas and another); the eleven and others.

INCIDENTS.—The two disciples and Jesus approach Emmaus; the former urge the latter to remain with them; at the meal Jesus breaks the bread, and is recognized by the disciples; he vanishes, and they talk of the effect of his words; they at once return to Jerusalem, and, meeting the eleven and others, are told of the appearance to Simon; they tell of the appearance to them; Jesus again appears, but they are all affrighted; he reasons with them, and shows his hands and his feet; they still wonder, and he asks for something to eat, and partakes of food before them.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Mark 16: 12-14 (possibly more of Mark 16 refers to the same interview); John 20: 19-23; comp. 1 Cor. 15: 5.

A Wise Girl.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand, which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly: "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we shall have to struggle to get along at first—"

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand.

"And," he pursued, having graciously allowed her interruption, "we shall have to come down to strict economy. But if you can only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked, smiling—but very happily—at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, radiantly; "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat; and she does it all herself, you know! So that we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I still have plenty of spending money. You see, when a woman is always hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blacking done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income, and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother and so went to her for a long visit, the next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one fine morning John received, to his blank amazement a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:

"I have learned how your mother 'manages,' and I am going to explain it to you, since you have confessed you didn't know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener, and a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning until ten at night; and I 'almost wept when I kissed her hand, it was so hard and wrinkled, and corded and unkissed. When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water and great armfu's of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. 'John!' she repeated, 'John!'—and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I had asked her why the angels didn't come down and scrub for her. 'Why—John'—she said, in a trembling, bewildered way—'he works in the office from nine until four o'clock, you know and when he comes home he is very tired, or else—or else—he goes down town. Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a 'manager' as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must also milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all that you have to say of her is that she is an 'excellent manager.' I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earned the name also; and judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure that you are not the man I thought you were, or one I should care to marry. 'As the son is, the husband is,' is a safe and happy rule to follow."

So the letter closed, and John pondered, and he is pondering yet.—*Woman's Column.*

"DOWN TO SLEEP."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good night;"
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us "down to sleep."

H. H.

THE HAUNTED VIOLIN.

TRANSLATED BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

Karl Hafitz had devoted six years to the study of counterpoint and to the works of Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Rossini; he was blessed with good health, and an ample fortune enabled him to indulge his artistic tastes; in fact, he possessed every requisite for the production of great musical compositions, excepting the indispensable one—inspiration.

Every day or two he presented himself, full or ardor, before his worthy teacher Albertus Kilian, and displayed a large score, which was indeed harmonious but which invariably reminded the hearer of some other composition.

Master Albertus, seated in his great arm-chair with his feet on the andirons, his elbow on the table, and a pipe in his mouth, calmly struck out phrase after phrase of his pupil's work, and when Karl, almost crying with vexation, exclaimed and objected, the old man quietly opened one of his numberless music-books, pointed to a passage and said.

"Look here, my boy."

Then Karl bowed his head and felt like giving up in despair.

One morning, however, he brought another composition, but alas! it was a fantasia of Baccherini with variations from Viotti, and the master's patience gave out completely.

"Karl Hafitz, do you take me for a donkey?" he cried; "do you suppose that I cannot see through your unworthy thefts? Really, this is too much!" Then, seeing consternation in his hearer's face he added quietly, "I know how it is Karl, your memory cheats you—you mistake recollection for invention. The trouble is, you are too fat; the wine you drink is so good and all your fare so rich that your intellect is dulled. You must starve yourself."

"Starve!" repeated the pupil in astonishment.

"Or else give up music," said his master, "science you have, but ideas are wanting, and that is not to be wondered at, for when your violin rests upon a heap of fat, how can you expect the strings to vibrate?"

A look of intelligence gleamed in Karl's eyes, and he exclaimed earnestly.

"I will not shrink from any sacrifice, I will grow thin, at all costs, even though I become consumptive." Albertus embraced his pupil in delight, and bade him God-speed, and the next day, Karl Hafitz set out, bag and staff in hand, to take a long journey. He walked all over Switzerland, but at the end of six weeks, in spite of a considerable reduction in his weight, inspiration was as far from him as before.

"Who could be more miserable than I?" he thought, "neither fasting nor feasting makes my spirit rise to the diapason of the sublime. What have I done to deserve such a cruel fate? A lot of lazy idiots are able to produce musical works while I, with all my science, my work and my courage amount to nothing. Ah, God is unjust!

He was now walking along the road between Bruck and Fribourg; night was coming on, and the traveller was ready to drop with fatigue. Suddenly he saw in the moonlight an old tumble-down house with crumbling chimneys, a disjointed door, and broken window-panes. The wind came howling desolately over the surrounding heath, and rustled the brambles and thistles that grew round the door.

"It does not look very inviting, in fact, quite the contrary," thought Karl, "but one must not judge by appearances," and without a moment's hesitation he rapped at the door.

"Who is there? What do you want?" asked a gruff voice from within.

"I want supper and a night's lodging," answered the traveller and the next minute the door opened, and a grey-haired man appeared. He was wrapped in a large cloak and held a large hatchet in one hand and behind him, the fire-light displayed the bare broken walls of the room, and a ladder leading to the loft above. Standing near the hearth was a pale, fragile-looking girl dressed in a thin cotton gown, and her black eyes which were fixed upon the door, wore an expression of mingled fear and sadness.

"Come in," said the man, "it is not the weather for standing in the doorway." Karl grasped his stick more firmly, but thinking it unwise to show any hesitation, entered the dismal room and sat down on a stool before the fire.

"Let me take your bag and staff," said the host, and for a moment Karl trembled in every limb, but his bag was unbuckled, and placed with the staff in a corner, and the old man seated calmly by the hearth, before the traveller had recovered from his surprise.

"My good host," said the latter with a smile, "I should not be sorry to have some supper."

"What would you like to have?" asked the man gravely.

"A ham-omelette, some cheese, and bottle of wine," replied Karl promptly.

"You have a good appetite," returned his host, "it is unfortunate that our provisions are almost exhausted."

"You have no cheese even?"

"No, Sir."

"Nor butter?"

"No."

"Nor bread—nor milk?"

"No."

"What on earth have you, then?"

"Nothing, Sir, excepting a few roast potatoes."

At that moment, Karl caught sight of a whole family of hens roosting on the rungs of the ladder; there were white, black and red hens, some with their heads under their wings, others with their heads sunken in their feathers, while one tall, thin, white creature was busily pluming itself.

"Surely you have eggs!" said the hungry traveller, but the landlord answered.

"We took them all to market at Bruck this morning."

"Then cook one of your fowls—"began Karl, but he had hardly uttered the words when the young girl rushed foward the ladder, her face paler than over, and her hair dishevelled.

"No, no!" she cried "you shall not touch my hens—you shall not kill God's creatures."

Her voice and look were so wild that Hafitz hastened to reassure her, saying:

"No, of course we must not harm them. We can eat potatoes—I am devoted to potatoes," and after a moment he added eagerly, "My good man, I will stay here for a long time; this is just the place I have been seeking, I will stay three months,—six months—as long as is necessary—I will stay until I am thin as a fakir!"

He was so excited that the old man stared at him in wonder, and then whispered to the girl:

"Look at him, Ginevra, the Spirit has taken possession of him!"

The voice of the wind outside grew louder, and the fire flared in the chimney and sent a column of gray smoke to the ceiling; the hens seemed to be dancing on the ladder, and the girl began to sing a quaint tune in a wild piercing voice, while the green wood in the fire seemed to shed tears as it accompanied her with its plaintive sighs. Karl Hafitz decided that he had got into a sorcerer's den, but he ate two large potatoes and drank water out of a red jug, and then he perceived that the girl had disappeared.

"Now I will go to bed," he said after a pause and his host lighted a lamp and led the way up the ladder, opening the trap-door with his head.

"There is your bed," said the old man when they had entered a garret under the sloping roof, "sleep well, and take care not to set the house on fire."

He put the lamp on the floor, and went down stairs, closing the trap-door, and Hafitz sat down on the great feather bed, and reflected. He wondered if it would be prudent to allow himself to fall asleep in this strange abode, and was recalling to his mind the hollow grey eyes, thin bluish lips surrounded by deep wrinkles, square long forehead and sallow skin of his host, when it suddenly occurred to him that, a few days before, he had passed on the road three gibbets and that the face of one of the swinging corpses bore a strong resemblance to the man who had just left him. He had learned that the wretched creature's name was Melchior, that he had been a musician, and that he had killed in a fit of anger an inn-keeper who had insisted on the payment of a few crowns due him.

Karl Hafitz had often played Melchior's compositions and had been so fascinated by their fantastic beauty that he had envied him his genius. Now, however, a shudder passed over him, and he seemed to look once more on the ghastly figure swinging in the wind with garments fluttering, and a flock of screeching crows flying round it. As he glanced round him half fearfully he saw at the end of the loft an old violin hanging on the wall, and surmounted by two withered palm branches. At the sight a sort of panic seized him, and he had started up as if to fly from the place when he heard the gruff voice of his host exclaiming.

"Put out the light, and go to sleep! You will burn the house down!"

Hurriedly Karl obeyed, and then threw himself upon the bed, resolving, however, that he would not close his eyes. The wind moaned piteously, night-birds called to each other in the darkness, little mice crept out along the worm eaten floor, and in spite of his determination Karl was lulled into slumber.

At one o'clock in the morning he was suddenly awakened by hearing a deep bitter sob, and a cold sweat broke out upon his face as he started up and looked towards the end of the loft. There, under the sloping roof, a man was crouching. It was Melchior, the murderer! His chest and neck were bare, and his black hair was falling over his long shoulders; he was so thin that he looked like the skeleton of a great grasshopper; a moonbeam that shone through the dormer window gave him a bluish hue, and all around him hung the spiders' broad webs.

While Karl gazed in silent awe and wonder, the skeleton stretched out a long gaunt arm, and seizing the violin from the wall laid it against his shoulder and began to play.

At first the music was funereal—sad as the sound of the earth falling upon the coffin of a beloved one; solemn as the thunder of cataracts prolonged by mountain echoes; majestic as the autumn wind sweeping through a forest, mournful as the voice of despair. Then in the midst of this wild sobbing there rose a soft clear silvery song, as of a band of gay goldfinches in a flowering hedge; they seemed to be trilling in an ecstasy of joy, until suddenly, away they flew, startled by the sound of a waltz, a soft, breathless laughing strain; then love, bliss, despair, laughter, tears, shrieks, all came pouring out pell-mell from under the throbbing bow.

Hafitz stretched his arms towards the player and exclaimed rapturously.

"Oh great, great, artist, oh sublime genius! To think that you were hanged for killing a brute of an inn-keeper who did not know one note of music from another! For *that* you are condemned to wander, a spirit, in the moonbeams; ah! such wondrous talent!"

While he was speaking a harsh voice from below cried out:

"What is the matter with you, up there? Are you ill, or is the house on fire?"

There was a sound of heavy footsteps on the ladder, a light shone through the cracks in the floor, the trap opened, and the old man appeared.

"Ah, my host, what does this mean?" cried Karl, "sublime music raises me to the seventh heaven one minute, and departs like a dream, the next!" The man was thoughtful for a few minutes and muttered half inaudibly:

"I ought to have foreseen it. Melchior has been here again—will he always return?" Then he added, "come, friend, you will get no more sleep tonight; come down and smoke a pipe with me."

Karl needed no urging, but hurriedly went down the ladder, and sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands was soon lost in a reverie, while the old man rekindled the fire and taking his seat on the other side of the hearth smoked his pipe in silence.

At last the gray dawn peered in through the tiny windows, the cock crowed, and the hens gravely hopped down the ladder, one step at a time.

The traveller buckled on his bag, took up his stick, and asked of his host:

"What do I owe you?"

With a strange look the man replied:

"You owe me one prayer in the chapel of St. Blaise for the soul of my son, Melchior, who was hanged, and another prayer for his betrothed wife, Genevra, mad with grief."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"Farewell then, I shall not forget."

"True to his word Karl went straight to the chapel in Fribourg, and prayed for the unhappy artist and for the woman who loved him. Then he hurried to an inn, called for a bottle of wine, spread out his music paper, wrote at the top of the first page, THE HAUNTED VIOLIN, and completed at one sitting, his first successful musical composition.

ERCKMANN CHATRIAN.

PECULIAR ANIMALS.

Burdette Subscribes to the Truth of This Account.

A writer in Harper's Magazine says that a horse when tied in the stable should "always be kept with his head so that he may see the passers by and the other horses, and thus amuse and occupy himself." That is a good plan, says Bob Burdette, but I think mine is still better. I have never noticed him "politely passing hay" to the other horses in the stable, but possibly that is because there are no other horses. I have frequently observed him dividing his oats with the hens, which is much the same thing. And he has the hay fever, just like "folks." Yes, indeed. But I was going to speak about making provision for his hours in the stable. When he is to be left alone any length of time, we always place the morning paper, a copy of the Nation and a late magazine or two in his feed box, and he looks over them with great interest. On one occasion he so plainly resented my taking away a late magazine, a number containing some wonderful stories about real dogs which I wished to show to the terra cotta pug, that I looked to see what article so deeply interested the noble animal. I found he was in the midst of a bright sketch of travel in the "Feejee islands." Don't tell me a horse hasn't human intelligence. The fact is, the people who sneer at these stories of the remarkable intelligence of animals are coarse and unintelligent people, who know nothing about animals. The more people study their brute companions, the more clearly and correctly do they understand, neigh, comprehend them. Look at the wild Indian; what he doesn't know about horses isn't worth knowing. And he believes his horse will go to heaven with him. Whether the horse believes that the Indian will go to heaven or not, we have no means as yet, of ascertaining. This horse of mine, I am confident, has opinions on the subject, because one of his favorite books is "Barns 'n' Oats on Timothy." He is however, I grieve to say, a heartless sort of brute; the sound of whom never moves him. Like all well bred horses, he has a certain sense of humor, and one day, when my little boy quoted, in his presence, the line, "How tall was Alexander, Pa?" the intelligent animal immediately replied, "Box stall," and burst into a horse laugh. Upon one occasion, when everything on the road had passed us, I overheard him saying to himself, softly, "It pace to go slow." He is a horse of contented disposition, although sorrow has left her traces along his ribs. I had to get the rest of the harness myself.

Gave Himself Away.

An absconder from Mississippi got as far as Niagara Falls without leaving any trail to be picked up. In crossing the bridge to Goat Island he observed that most of the asses in America had cut or written their names on the wood work, and he put his there for company and was picked up next day —Time.

A SILVER-PLATED shovel was used to remove the first earth that marks the beginning of work on the Niagara River Tunnel, which is to be constructed for the purpose of utilizing the power of Niagara Falls.

Trade-marks were known in ancient Babylon; China had them as early as 1000 B. C., they were authorized in England in 1300; Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade-mark.

The Austro-Hungarian convict who is condemned to die stands on the ground with a rope around his neck, and at a given signal he is pulled off his legs to remain struggling in the air until he is stangled.

The silk trade of Bengal has declined steadily since 1876, and never before were prices as low as now. The revival of the silk trade in Europe is the reason for the falling off.

THE STORY OF THANKSGIVING.

'And therefore I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth say,—
Through virtue of vested power,—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord."

The Puritans suffered from famine after they came to this country. At last, after nearly a year of privation they gathered in their first harvest in the year 1622. They had twenty acres of corn, and six of barley and pease, and this was enough to supply them with food for a long time. Governor Bradford recommended that they gather together for the purpose of prayer and praise, and they concluded to have a feast as well. So, great preparations were made and the hunters went out into the forest to find meat for the dinner. They came back loaded down with venison and wild turkey. The Puritans did not forget the Indians, and they invited Massasoit and ninety of his warriors to the feast.

The year after there was a long drought, the crops were stunted, and they seemed likely to starve to death. A fast day was appointed; for several hours the people prayed without stopping, and the rain began to fall while they prayed. The crops revived, and there was a plentiful harvest. Again, a day of thanksgiving was ordered by Governor Bradford. So, gradually the custom of appointing a thanksgiving day after harvest grew to be established, the appointments being made by the governors of the several colonies.

During the revolution, a day of national thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress. After the constitution was adopted, Washington appointed such a day, and several other presidents did the same. In 1863 Lincoln made a proclamation for national observance, and since then a proclamation has been issued each year, the last Thursday in November being set aside as Thanksgiving day. Other nations also keep a day of thanksgiving.

The Jewish feast of Tabernacles was a thanksgiving day. For eight days the people did not work, but spent their time eating and drinking. During this they lived in booths made of branches of trees, and great public ceremonies were held, besides the Torship and sacrifices of each household.

hhe ancient Greeks held a great festival in honor of Demeter, the goddess of the harvest, and the Romans also held a feast after harvest. Both Greeks and Romans held their festivals in September. They had games and sports in the fields, and crowned their household gods with flowers.

Good Words To A Young Man

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 4.—The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son is declared on good authority never to have been published. It is reminiscent of the worldly good sense of the advice given to Laertes by Polonius, but it is also permeated by the leaven of Christian experience. The precepts in it are those which if followed would produce a good man as well as a gentleman.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Oct. 18, 1878.

My Dear Herbert.

You are now for the first time really launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house, and from all family connections, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found to be so damaging.

(1.) You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the Devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

(2.) Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

(3.) Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

(4.) When working for others sink yourself out of sight, seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous intregrity. Selfishness is fatal.

(5.) Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

(6.) Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

(7.) The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient.

(8.) Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strives to make money, suddenly, largely and without working for it. They blow soap-bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and Haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year.

(9.) In regard to Mr. B——, he is a Southern gentleman; he is receiving you as a favor to me; do not let him regret it.

(10.) I beseech you to correct one fault—severe speech of others; never speak evil of any man, no matter what the facts may be. Hasty fault-finding, and severe speech of absent people, is not honorable, is apt to be unjust and cruel, makes enemies to yourself, and is wicked.

(11.) You must remember that you go to Mr. B—— not to learn to manage a farm like his. One or two hundred acres, not forty thousand, is to be your future homestead; but you can learn the care of cattle, sheep, the culture of wheat, the climate, country, manners and customs, and a hundred things that will be needful.

(12.) If by integrity, industry and well-earned success you deserve well of your fellow citizens, they may in years to come, ask you to accept honors. Do not seek them, do not receive them while you are young—wait; but when you are established you may make your father's name known with honor in Halls of Legislation. Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

Read often the Proverbs, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Household Art.

Under this caption Clara Bunce, the talented daughter of the late Oliver B. Bunce, chats agreeably and instructively in Sunday's Herald. Many useful and practical hints on color and harmony are given which will be found readily available. Speaking of the dull north side of a house, the writer says: As an example of what can be done to relieve the cold, dreary north side of its dreariness a window in Mr. Harry Fenn's house may well be described. In the large hall, into which all the bedrooms open, is a large window entirely filled with small panes of yellow glass. Each pane differs from the next in some gradation of color, but throughout the whole is the harmony complete. The effect of this window, through which the real sun never shines, is to shed perpetual sunshine, or at least the perfect semblance thereof. So delightful is the result that on grayest days that hall has a message of brightness and of good cheer for each and for all. It is hardly possible to say too much for the exquisite quality of light diffused through a yellow medium. It is soft and at the same time it is bright. It is subdued, yet full of cheer. In few houses would it be possible to introduce Mr. Fenn's glorious window, but in many is it possible to heed the lesson taught thereby and to profit by it. Many a cheerless and sunless room could be made a delight to its occupant were the windows but filled with panes of yellow tints. If it be allowable to judge by results the hint might be offered that plants, those devotees of the sunlight, are cheated by the feigned glow into a rich and rare bloom. At least such would seem to be the case, whether it is scientific or not, for the very window alluded to bears upon its ledge a wealth of luxuriant green. Not only is yellow, in its many shades, an excellent substitute for sunshine, but it makes perhaps the best possible medium for shading the glare of either gas or lamp light. There is something about the light which passes through a yellow shade that is at once warm and restful. Surely the color that diffuses a glow and at the same time gives rest to weary eyes is deserving of general recognition.

Longevity of Poets.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: I said to Longfellow that certain statistical ables I had seen went to show that poets were not a long-lived race. He doubted whether there was anything to prove they were particularly short-lived. Soon after this, he handed me a list he had drawn up. I cannot lay my hand upon it at this moment, but I remember that Metastasio was the oldest of them all. He died at the age of eighty-four. I have had some tables made out, which I have every reason to believe are correct so far as they go. From these, it appears that twenty English poets lived to the average age of fifty-six years and a little over. The eight American poets on the list averaged seventy-three and a half, nearly, and they are not all dead yet. The list including Greek, Latin, Italian and German poets, with American and English, gave an average of a little over sixty-two years. Our young poets need not be alarmed. They can remember that Bryant lived to be eighty-three years old, that Longfellow reached seventy-five and Halleck seventy-seven, while Whittier is living at the age of nearly eighty-two. Tennyson is still writing at eighty, and Browning seems in flourishing health and vigor at seventy-seven.

Furs are worn enormously, for entire garments, for linings, and for trimming all sorts of dresses.

A SEARCH for the oldest clergyman in England shows that Rev. John Elliott, vicar of Randwick, will be one hundred and three months. He preached up to the age of ninety-eight regularly and occasionally last year. He goes to church now regularly every Sunday, and occasionally visits parishioners.

PATHS.

The path that leads to a Loaf of Bread
Winds through the Swamps of Toil,
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil,
And the paths that lead to a Loaf of Bread
And the Suit of Clothes are hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a House of Your Own
Climbs over the bowldered hills,
And the path that leads to a Bank Account
Is swept by the blast that kills;
But the men who start in the paths to-day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade
By the dreamy Brooks of sleep,
And the rollicking River of Pleasure laughs
And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of winter come,
The brooks and the river are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills
When the blasts of winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a Bank Account
And the path to a House of Their Own;
These paths are hard in the summer heat,
But in winter they lead to a snug retreat.

—S. W. Foss in *Yankee Blade*.

HEARTLESS AFRICANS.

The Uncivilized Native Utterly Devoid of Feeling.

It is the utter absence of "feeling" of sympathy for their kind, of pity for sugering, of all that is best in the heart of a white man, that jars so harshly on the sensibilities when one first comes in contact with Africans. That young warrior who has been making himself so agreeable about your tent, whose fine physique you have admired, and whose amiability has created a favorable impression from the first, will take part in a slave hunt to-morrow. He will think no more of jabbing his spear through a poor old woman because she isn't worth bringing away than you would of killing a dog, nor half so much.

And that laughing young woman with the intelligent face and symmetrical form, who wants you to buy her bunch of bananas, will see her sisters of a neighboring tribe brought in with their necks in heavy yokes, their babes clinging to their backs, their pickaninnies, following at their heels, bellowing with fright. She will know they are doomed to slavery, never to see their homes again; she has heard exaggerated stories of the dreadful march to the distant coast, of deaths on the way, of babes sold one way and mothers another. She thinks their fate ten times worse than it will in reality be, but she doesn't care. In the stare of curiosity with which she greets the shackled wretches as they are driven in there is not one glint of sympathy or pity. On the contrary, she laughs and claps her hands, for has not her husband taken a prominent part in the raid, and may she not therefore look confidently forward to coming in for a necklace or two of beads from the Swahili traders who will buy the slaves? She hopes that her gallant warrior of a husband will continue to spear his fellow-Africans, burn their houses, rip up their helpless and unmarketable old mothers, chop down their banana groves and sell their wives and children into slavery until she shall become the most bead-bedecked woman in the tribe.—Bicycler Stevens.

KING OF THE GYPSIES.

He and His Ohio Subjects are Living in Prosperity.

A modest brick house standing a little way back from the street, in a suburb of the City of Dayton, O., is the property and for a part of the year the home of a gypsy of wide repute, the heir apparent to a throne in Little Egypt; and here, and hereabout, is the rendezvous of a numerous band or tribe. This settlement is widely known as the home of some of the richest and most influential families of gypsydom, among them the Stanleys, of whom the present head, Levi, is called the head. This Levi Stanley is a short, heavy-set man of something over 70 years; he is still strong and active, with a ruddy cheek and bright eye. Much of his time is passed with the traveling parties, while his oldest son, Levi, Jr., is a stalwart, handsome man of 50, assumes much of the active direction of affairs, looking after property, etc.

Lying scattered about to the north of Dayton are many fine farms owned by them. At present most of the farms are in the hands of tenants, for however near the gypsy may be to the primeval man, he has not yet developed a strong liking for the labor of the primeval occupation.

The traveling and camping parties are the most interesting and picturesque feature of gypsy life. These usually consist of a single family, the term family meaning the whole blood connection. It may comprise one or a dozen wagons, and from three or four to nearly half a hundred people. They make long or short journeys, as directed by the king, stopping at each place as long as the state of the horse and palmistry trade warrants.—Chautauquan.

"Grant Rode Like a Demon."

"Speaking of General Grant's fine horsemanship," said General N. P. Banks, "reminds me of an incident that occurred soon after the battle of Port Hudson, in which he gave me the race of my life. General Grant paid the army under my command a visit at the period mentioned and was asked to review it. He brought with him no horses and I loaned him for the occasion the magnificant bay parade horse which the patriotic citizens of Massachusetts presented to me when I went to the front in 1862. All of my old soldiers will remember that bay horse. I rode on the review a thoroughbred black mare, and I was in a constant state of anxiety lest she would run away with me when warmed. Well, the troops were drawn up in line and we rode down the front lines at a slow pace, but when we reached the rear lines Grant would put the bay at his utmost speed, and as he was nearly thoroughbred he could run. Grant sat on the bay as if he were part of him, but the difficulty I found myself in was not to keep up at the regulation distance, but to prevent my animal from distancing the general and running off with me. Grant rode like a demon and I after him until the review was finished, the troops in the meantime watching the scene with interest mingled with astonishment. For some days afterwards the troops were heard discussing the event, and, as far as I can learn, never settled the question as to whether it was a horse race or a military review."

Brazil is larger than the United States, but in the whole twenty States which make up the republic there are not as many people as we have in New York and Pennsylvania.

The mania for marriage has prevailed so strongly in Cherokee County, Ia., last year, and the schools suffered so severely by consequent resignations of teachers, that in making contracts for the current year the school board has required every teacher to subscribe to an agreement not to marry during the school year.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, DEC. 11;

CONGRESSIONAL RESUME.

The Week's Work of the Fifty-first Congress.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—The house passed the bill referring the claim of the Chesapeake Female college to the court of claims. The copyright bill was called up and after a number of dilatory motions had been disposed of, the previous question was ordered (166 to 36) and the house then adjourned.

The senate passed a resolution asking the secretary of war for information about the steps taken to disarm Indians in the northwest. Several minor measures were passed, and then the senate by a party vote, 41 to 30, took up the federal election bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—In the senate Messrs. Voorhees, Dawes and Pierce had a lively debate on the Indian question over a joint resolution to issue arms to the states of North and South Dakota and Nebraska. The election bill was taken up and Mr. Turpie made a long speech against it.

In the house the international copyright bill was debated and passed (139 to 95). A bill to make any person acting in a fiduciary capacity, responsible for the pension money of minors was debated without final action.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The senate passed Mr. Call's resolution directing the superintendent of the labor bureau to examine the phosphate industry of Florida; also the joint resolution for issuing arms to settlers in North and South Dakota and Nebraska.

In the house the bill making guardians responsible for the pension money of minors was passed. The pension appropriation bill was discussed without action.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—In the senate important bridge bills were passed and the federal election bill was discussed further.

The house, after debate, passed the senate joint resolution to issue arms to North and South Dakota, with amendment including Montana. The pension appropriation bill was debated further and passed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Mr. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, called up in the house the resolution for the removal of the remains of Gen. Grant from New York to Washington. It was discussed but not voted upon.

Mr. Gray addressed the senate on the federal election bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—In the senate the Indian question was discussed again at some length. The election bill was then taken up, and Mr. Hoar asked unanimous consent that a vote be taken Friday. Mr. Gorman objected. Mr. Gray resumed his speech against the bill.

In the house the resolution to discipline Doorkeeper Minola was tabled. The Atkinson bill relating to railroad rights in the District of Columbia was passed, also several other bills relating to the district. The bill to give a rebate on manufactured tobacco in store Jan. 1, was passed.

HIS KINGDOM FOR SALE.

King Kalakua Offers the Sandwich Islands to the United States.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—King Kalakua has not come here merely for health; neither has he come, as some have reported, to float a $2,000,000 loan on which he would pocket a tidy commission. It has just leaked out that his mission is to propose to the state department the annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the United States.

This news comes from a man largely interested in sugar interests on the islands and may be accepted as authoritative. Of course, Kalakua's officers will deny it, but all the facts show that the king has reached the jumping off place and must decide shortly either to risk another revolution or sell his kingdom and get a fat pension.

He has been authorized by the Hawaiian government to tender the island to Secretary Blaine on terms which, it is thought, congress will accept. The sugar planters, as well as Kalakua, are in the hole. Under the reciprocity treaty they really got a bonus of 2 cents a pound on all sugar. Now, under the McKinley bill, which makes sugar free, they lose all of this, because the growers of this country receive a bounty of 2 cents a pound.

If the Hawaiian islands come under the American flag the planters will receive a bounty which would amount to several millions a year. It is not known what demands Kalakua will make, but the belief is that they will not be excessive.

THE SITUATION SERIOUS.

Gen. Miles Leaves for the Scene of the Indian Trouble.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Gen. Miles received a letter from Buffalo Gap, S. D., under date of Dec. 6, which says: "Yesterday a party of fifteen Sioux, at the entrance to the Bad Lands, endeavored to cut off and capture three cowboys. Ranchmen in the vicinity of the Bad Lands are sending the women and children into the town."

Shortly after this letter was received a telegram came from the same place, dated Dec. 8, saying: "Ranchmen and Indians had a slight skirmish. Can you supply fifty good rifles and ammunition, so that settlers can defend themselves?"

Gen. Miles will leave for the scene of the Indian trouble today.

Chauncey Black a Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—Ex-Lieutenant Governor Black, who is in the city, has closed a professional engagement with The New York World, and is to hereafter write political letters for that journal from the capital. Mr. Black has acted as the political correspondent of The New York Sun from Pennsylvania for several years, and is a newsy and incisive writer. He will be attached to The World's bureau here.

A Great Railway Station.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Not less than 15,000 people participated last night in the formal opening of the Grand Central station, the construction of which, at a cost of nearly $1,250,000, has just been completed for the traffic of the Wisconsin Central, Northern Pacific and Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City lines.

To Proclaim the Fair.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—President Palmer, of the national commission on the world's fair, arrived here from Detroit last night. He will today send a letter by Director Peck to President Harrison asking him to issue a proclamation calling all nations to take part in the world's Columbian exposition.

Mrs. Lippincott Again Acquitted.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 9.—Mrs. Julia C. Lippincott was again acquitted in the Camden criminal court of a charge of forgery. The indictment charged her with forging and uttering a note for $125 with the bogus signature of Oliver H. Gutridge, an Atlantic City contractor.

FARMERS' REFORMS.

Legislation Demanded by the Ocala Convention.

SUB-TREASURY PLAN DEBATED.

The Alliance Denounces Alien Ownership of Land, the Tariff and the Silver Laws and Declares for Free Coinage—A Plea for Pure Food.

OCALA, Fla., Dec. 9.—The financial policy of the Farmers' Alliance come up for discussion early in yesterday's session upon the report of the committee on legislation. This report contained the following amended demands:

We demand the abolition of national bonds. We demand the government shall establish sub-treasuries, or depositories, in the several states which shall loan money direct to the people at a low rate of interest, not to exceed 2 per cent. per annum on non-perishable farm products, and also upon real estate with proper limitation upon quantity of land and amount of money. We demand the amount of circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than $50 per capita.

2. We demand that congress shall pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the dealing in futures in all agricultural and mechanical productions, preserving a stringent system of procedure in trials such as shall secure the prompt conviction and imposition of such penalties as shall secure the most perfect compliance with the laws.

3. We condemn the silver bill recently passed by congress and demand in lieu thereof the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

4. We demand the passage of laws prohibiting alien ownership of land, and that congress take prompt action to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by aliens and foreign syndicates, and that all lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of such as are actually used and needed by them be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.

5. Believing in the doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, we demand that our national legislation shall be so framed in the future as not to build up one industry at the expense of another. We further demand a removal of existing heavy tariff tax from the necessaries of life that the poor of our land must have. We further demand a just and equitable system of graduated tax on incomes. We believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all national and state revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government economically and honestly administered.

6. We demand the most rigid, honest and just state and national governmental control and supervision of means of public communication and transportation, and if the control and supervision do not remove the abuses now existing we demand the government ownership of such means of communication and transportation.

A spirited debate followed, at the beginning of which the president reminded members of the restriction of five minutes placed upon all speeches.

Delegate Carr, of North Carolina, presented a memorial of the National Farmers' Alliance to congress asking that it enact as soon as possible senate bill No. 3991, known as the Paddock pure food bill, which was introduced at the instance of the Farmers' Alliance of Nebraska.

Several short speeches followed the introduction of the memorial, and then the convention adopted the following:

Resolved, That we are opposed to the Conger lard bill, and that we favor the passage of the Paddock pure food bill.

A Citizens' Alliance.

OCALA, Fla., Dec. 8.—A large amount of committee work was done and many important conferences were held by Farmers' Alliance delegates yesterday.

A Citizens' Alliance was formed here looking to the establishment of local Citizens' alliances in various cities and large towns of the country. J. D. Holden, of Kansas, was elected president; R. Beaumont, of New York, secretary, and S. P. Wild, of Washington, treasurer, and these three also constituted an executive committee. The headquarters of the Alliance will be in Washington, and later the executive committee will be increased to include a member for each state.

Call for a Third Party.

OCALA, Fla., Dec. 6.—The following is the call for third party conference, signed by Gen. Rice and John Davis, of Kansas, and by about seventy-five other Alliance members:

Whereas, in unity there is strength, therefore it is desirable that there should be union of all variously named industrial organizations that stand on common grounds. To this end the individuals from various states whose names are hereto signed make this call for a national conference to be composed of delegates from the following organizations, namely: the Farmers' Alliance, the Farmers' Mutual Beneficial association, the Citizens Alliance, the Knights of Labor and all other industrial organizations that support the principles of the St. Louis agreement of 1889.

Each state organization to send one delegate from each congressional district and two from the state at large, and each district organization to send not less than three delegates and each county delegation not less than one delegate, to be chosen according to the customs of each respective organization during the month of January, 1891. Also that the editor of each newspaper is hereby invited as a delegate that has advocated the principles of the St. Louis agreement and supported the candidates nominated there in 1890.

The delegates to meet in the city of Cincinnati on Monday, the 3d day of February, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of forming a National Union party, based upon the fundamental ideas of finance, transportation, labor and land, in furtherance of the work already begun by those organizations and preparatory for a united struggle for country and home in the great political conflict now pending, that must decide who in this country is the sovereign, the citizen or the dollar.

Washington McLean Dead.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—Washington McLean, for many years well known in journalism as the propritor of The Cincinnati Enquirer, died at his residence here last night, in his 74th year. Mr. McLean had been in ill health for several years, suffering from kidney complaint. His remains will be interred at Spring Grove cemetery in Cincinnati.

Federation of Labor.

DETROIT, Dec. 9.—The American Federation of Labor met here yesterday. On the conclusion of President Gompers address, the committee on credentials went into session. President Gompers appeared before the committee and objected to receiving any papers from the delegates representing the Central Labor Federation, of New York.

Minister Mizner's Successor.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—The president sent to the senate the nomination of Romuleo du Pacheco, of California, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the Central American states.

ON THE TIDAL WAVE.

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POLITICAL—The closing year has been crowned by unparalleled Democratic victories in the State and nation. With the new year Governor Pattison will enter on his duties. The ground work of the great Presidential battle of 1892 will be laid this year. Congress and the State Legislature will be in session. THE WEEKLY POST will gather all the political new so important to every well-informed Democrat, and will discuss it with fairness and candor from the standpoint of Democratic principles.

LITERARY—During the year this department of THE WEEKLY POST will be of unsurpassed value and interest to the family circle. Several romances by the foremost authors of the day will succeed each other. In book form any one of them would cost a year's subscription. Valuable miscellany, choice poetry, humorous sketches will add their attractions.

NEWS—We challenge comparison with the complete record of the world's history we give each week. Correspondence from the national and State capitals, New York and other American cities, as well as from Europe, by able writers will add great interest to this department by lifelike descriptions of men and events.

THE MARKETS—THE WEEKLY POST for years has had a reputation with country and city merchants and dealers for its full and reliable market reports, bringing telegraphic quotations down to the day of publication. Its cattle and produce markets are especially commended.

TO SUM UP—It is the aim to make THE WEEKLY POST a welcome visitor to every fireside, an honest and faithful guide in politics, and in all respects a readable, bright and news journal of which the subscriber as well as the publisher may take an honest pride.

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(2) HON. GEORGE BANCROFT'S descriptron of "The Battle of Lake Erie," beautifully illustrated.

(3) MARGARET DELAND'S latest story, "To What End?"

(4) JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S poem, "My Brook," written expressly for *The Ledger*, beautifully illustrated by Wilson de Meza, and issued as a FOUR-PAGE SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT.

(5) Mrs. Dr. JULIA HOLMES SMITH starts a series of articles giving very valuable information to young mothers.

(6) ROBERT GRANT'S entertaining society novel "Mrs. Harold Stagg."

(7) HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, MARION HARLAND, NARQUISE LANZA, MAURICE THOMPSON AND GEORGE FREDERIC PARSONS contribute short stories.

(8) JAMES PARTON, M. W. HAZELTINE and OLIVER DYER (author of "Great Senators") contribute articles of interest.

In addition to the above, SPARKLING EDITORIALS. Illustrated Poems, HELEN MARSHALL NORTH'S chatty column, and a variety of delightful reading of interest to all members of the household.

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"	4 00	"	6 50
"	4 75	"	6 75
"	5 00	"	7 00
"	5 75	"	8 00
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"	5 75	"	9 50
"	6 00	"	9 75
"	7 50	"	10 00
"	8 50	"	11 00
"	10 00	"	15 00
"	11 00	"	16 00
"	13 50	"	18 00
Men's Overcoats at	$2 25	Old price was	$ 3 75
"	2 50	"	3 90
"	3 00	"	4 00
"	4 50	"	6 75
"	5 00	"	7 50
"	6 50	"	8 50
"	7 50	"	11 00
"	8 75	"	12 00
Dittie Boys' Suits,	$1 15	Old price	$2 00
"	1 25	"	2 25
"	1 50	"	2 50
"	2 00	"	3 00
"	2 50	"	3 50
"	3 00	"	4 50
Men's Pants reduced to	$ 50	Old price	$ 90
"	75	"	1 00
"	1 20	"	1 75
"	1 50	"	2 25
"	2 00	"	3 50
"	2 50	"	3 75
"	3 00	"	4 75
"	3 25	"	5 00

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Men's Heavy Undershirts and Drawers, 45c, old price 60c.
Gent's Fine Neckties, 40 and 43c, were 50 and 75
" " 15, 20 and 25c, were 25 to 35
Men's Overalls from 30c up.

Big Boys' Suits	$2 00	Old price was	$4 00
"	2 75	"	4 00
"	3 25	"	5 00
"	3 75	"	5 50
"	3 90	"	5 75
"	4 00	"	6 00
"	4 50	"	7 00

Boys' Knee Pants, 20 and 25c, were 35 to 50c.
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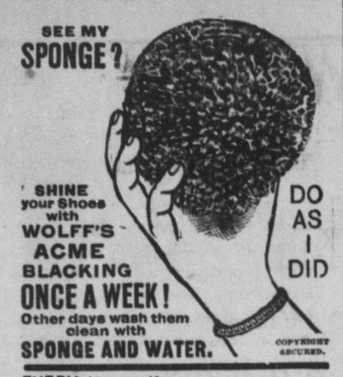
SEE MY SPONGE?
SHINE your Shoes with WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING ONCE A WEEK!
Other days wash them clean with SPONGE AND WATER.
DO AS I DID
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EVERY Housewife
EVERY Counting Room
EVERY Carriage Owner
EVERY Thrifty Mechanic
EVERY Body able to hold a brush
SHOULD USE

PIK-RON — A PAINT THAT DOES CAN BE SEEN THROUGH. TRY IT.

WILL STAIN OLD & NEW FURNITURE
WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE
WILL STAIN TINWARE
WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS
WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH
} and Varnish at the same time.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

BECKER'S Patent Washing Machine Improved approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easy worked and washes perfectly clean Circulars free. N. C. BAUGHMAN,
[Mention The Reporter.] YORK, Pa.
May15 2m.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*
Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 8, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

HENRY ROSSMAN,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

TUSSEYVILLE, PA.

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He keeps in stock a full line of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, Burial Robes, etc., etc.

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Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.

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THE SUN.

FOR

1891.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read THE SUN.

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TRAVELING AND LOCAL, TO SELL OUR CHOICE NURSERY STOCK. FAST SELLING SPECIALTIES IN HARDY FRUITS, ETC. SPLENDID OUTFIT FREE. STEADY EMPLOYMENT GUARANTEED. YOUR PAY WEEKLY. Write for terms. GERMANIA NURSERY CO.,
4d Rochester, N. Y.

DIVIDED IRELAND.

The Little Island Ablaze with Excitement.

PARNELL WILL STUMP IRELAND.

The Seceders Organize and Enter Parliament in a Body. When Parnell Sits Beside McCarthy and the Irish Members Vote Together. Parnell to Visit Ireland.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—In response to the call issued by Mr. Justin McCarthy, the leader of the anti-Parnellite section of the Irish party, all the members of the party who are opposed to Mr. Parnell assembled to consider further the line of policy to be adopted. Copies of the call had been addressed to Mr. Parnell and his supporters, but it is hardly necessary to state that none of them was present.

A council, comprising eight members, Messrs. Abraham, Dillon, Healy, O'Brien, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Power O'Connor, Sexton and Sheehy, was appointed to assist Mr. McCarthy in deciding the future action of the party. The meeting was presided over by Mr. McCarthy.

Mr. McCarthy was authorized to prepare an address to the Irish people at home and abroad giving the present aspect of the Irish question and outlining the future policy of his party. Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde was appointed an additional whip.

In the Commons.

The anti-Parnellite members of the house of commons made an early appearance in the house. Forty-one of them entered the chamber in a body and took the principal places on the first four benches below the gangway, with a view to prevent the Parnellites from occupying their usual seats. Col. Nolan and Mr. John Deasy entered later and contrived to secure seats. Mr. Parnell's seat had also been reserved, he having at an early hour affixed a ticket to it.

Mr. Parnell took a seat next to Mr. McCarthy and voted with all Irish members present, of both factions.

During the coming week Mr. Parnell will make addresses at Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Waterford. He is announced to speak at Leicester hall, Dublin, on Thursday.

Division at Last.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The Parnellites and their enemies rested on their oars yesterday, after the exciting scene of Saturday. That last memorable meeting of the united Parnellites was unquestionably the stormiest that has ever been held in a parliamentary committee room. After Mr. Parnell had repeatedly refused to put the motion of Mr. Abraham requesting him (Parnell) to retire, forty-four members withdrew from the meeting and organized in another room, electing Justin McCarthy chairman and passed a resolution deposing Parnell from the leadership.

Excitement in Ireland.

Ireland was ablaze with excitement yesterday, many public meetings being held, and the split in the party being the universal topic of converstion and discussion everywhere. The mass meeting in Phoenix park, Dublin, was not as large as had been anticipated, in fact was not a formidable undertaking in point of size, though it was quite turbulent. It was distinctly a Parnell meeting, and Healy and other opponents of that leader were burned in effigy. Judging from the bitterness of the denunciations against them they would have been burned in person had they been present. So far as returns have been received, most of the meetings hastily convened were in Parnell's favor.

The bishops' manifesto condemning Parnell was read in all the churches at mass, and the priests added exhortations to obey the spirit of the document in action. The people did not seem to take kindly to this interference in some cases, and at Mitchellstown and Kilkenny the Nationalists met after service and adopted resolutions supporting Parnell. In Armagh the priests propose to stump the country against Parnell. It is believed, however, that on the whole the church will confine itself to moral suasion.

Stricken in the Pulpit.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Dec. 9.—While preaching to a large congregation at the East Mill Street Reformed church Sunday night, the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. P. Strong, said: "A man might fall as easy as a star from the heavens." The next instant his face turned ashy pale, he clutched wildly at the pulpit for support, and then dropped on the floor in a fit of apoplexy. The horrified congregation was silent for a moment. The leaders then rushed to the prostrate pastor and raised him from the floor. He was taken home and died yesterday. He was about 60 years of age.

A National Conservatory of Music.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—Mr. Gibson introduced in the senate, by request, a bill to incorporate the national conservatory of music, with headquarters in the District of Columbia, with the following incorporators: Jeannette M. Thurber, W. O. Choate, C. M. Depew, A. S. Hewitt, William Pinkney White, Enoch Pratt, Fitzhugh Lee, John Hay, Anthony Pollok, Gen. Schofield and others.

Death of President Dennis.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Alfred L. Dennis, president of the United Railroads of New Jersey, died after a long illness due to sciataca and other forms of rheumatism. He was last at his office in this city, No. 150 Broadway, on Sept. 29. Since that time he has been confined to his house in Newark, N. J., where he died.

DELAMATER ASSIGNS.

Failure of His Banking Firm at Meadville, Pa.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Dec. 6.—A profound sensation was created in this city yesterday afternoon by the announcement that the banking firm of Delamater & Co. had suspended business and made an assignment.

This banking house has done a large business, and its head is Senator George Wallace Delamater, the Republican candidate for governor at the late election.

At 9 o'clock, the hour for the bank to open, an anxious crowd had collected on the street in front of the building. Shortly after the following notice was pasted on the windows on the Water and Chestnut street sides of the bank:

"Bank closed. Delamater & Co. have made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. "V. M. DELAMATER,
"December 5, 1890. "Cashier."

The assignees are Lawyers John O. McClintock and George W. Haskins. They immediately took possession and began the work of preparing a statement. This has not yet been completed, and the only thing the public knows about the condition of things is the report that the liabilities of the firm are $400,000 and the assets about the same.

Besides being the head of Delamater & Co., Senator Delamater was also one of the directors and a heavy stockholder of the Merchants' National bank, of Meadville. He is also the president and owner of a controlling interest in the Meadville and Linesville railroad. He is also the president of the Meadville Fuel Gas company.

State Funds Safe.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8. — "If my bondsmen stand by me, as I believe they will, I will not lose a dollar through the failure of Senator Delamater," said State Treasurer Henry K. Boyer when the stories relative to his loss of $100,000 of state funds in the suspended Delamater bank were mentioned to him.

Treasurer Boyer's bondsmen are George F. Tyler, William C. Bullitt, president of the Pocohontas Coal company; William H. Kimble, president of the Philadelphia Traction company; Henry Bumm, William H. Kerns, president of the People's bank; Lane S. Hart, ex-state printer; Col. W. W. Jennings, president of the Commonwealth Trust company, of Harrisburg; Jacob Bomberger, banker, of Harrisburg; Frederick Gwinner, contractor, of Allegheny county; John Reeves, president of the Bank of the Economical society, Beaver, and Gen. William Lilly, the coal operator, of Mauch Chunk.

Judgment Bond for Boyer.

EBENSBURG, Pa., Dec. 8.—A judgment bond in the sum of $200,000 was entered on the records of Cambria county against Delamater & Co., of Meadville, in favor of State Treasurer Boyer.

Assets and Liabilities.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Dec. 9.—A preliminary statement, made by the assignees of the Delamater bank last evening, show liabilities $544,700; assets, $472,549.72.

MAY HAVE BEEN MURDERED.

Suspicions Concerning the Tragic Death of Emma Pfitzenmayer.

CHESTER, Pa., Dec. 6.—What was originally reported as a sensational suicide now appears to have been murder. As reported in these dispatches yesterday, Miss Emma Pfitzenmayer was found dead in her room Wednesday night, shortly after returning from a ball where she had been the gayest of the gay.

At the inquest some startling evidence was given which will render a thorough investigation necessary. Dr. Graham, the first physician to see the body, said it was evident that she did not kill herself, nor was she killed standing up, as there were no blood marks on the top of the bureau, which there should have been from such a wound, had she stood. He could not reconcile the pools of blood with the position of the body.

Dr. J. L. Forwood said there were six wounds. Only one caused the death. The deep thrust in the back of the neck could not have been self inflicted with the knife found. Some great bruise on leg above knee would have taken a fairly strong man in good health to inflict such wounds. Did not believe that the knife found could have caused such wounds, as it did not fit. Did not believe she did it herself. Saw evidences in doors as though grasped with bloody hands.

CHESTER, Pa., Dec. 9.—There are no new developments in the Pfitzenmyer case. The public are slowly coming to the conclusion that the young girl did not kill herself, and there is little doubt that the coroner's jury will render a verdict of murder.

The constable repudiates the printed reports that he is guarding the Walther residence on Parker street, nor has he, he says, had any warrants in his pocket for the arrest of any one. It is true, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt are under police surveillance, and could not leave Chester without danger of arrest.

Important Miners' Meeting.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 6.—A convention of coal miners of central Pennsylvania, comprising the counties of Centre, Clearfield, Cambria, Blair, Bedford, Huntingdon and Jefferson, has been called to meet at Altoona next Wednesday to consider a proposition to establish a fund to pay the wages of check weighmen at the mines and to vote on the advisability of demanding a general advance in the price of mining on Jan. 1. The convention will be one of the most important ever held in central Pennsylvania, as a strike, if ordered, would affect 20,000 men. It would also seriously interfere with ocean steamships, the bulk of the seaboard coal mined coming from this district.

Steel Mills Resume Work.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 9.—The Bethlehem Iron company's steel mills, which were shut down a week ago for an indefinite period, were started up yesterday and the 1,000 idle men are again at work. The resumption is due to large orders received a day or two after the shut down, and which will keep the plant in operation the greater part of the winter. During the idle spell a large force of machinists were at work night and day changing the machinery and making repairs that are generally made during the holiday season.

A Locomotive Explodes.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 9.—A locomotive boiler on the Lehigh Valley railroad blew up at Dale station, Wyoming county, instantly killing Engineer Mahon y and injuring severely, if not fatally, James O'Leary, fireman; Charles Ryan, brakeman, and M. McDonald.

A BIG CUT!

—)o(—

The Knife Put Into Prices!

—)o(—

Owing to a contemplated change in my business, I offer my entire stock of goods at greatly reduced prices.

—X—

MEN'S SUITS REDUCED FROM $18 00 to $12 00
" " " " $14 00 to $10 00

—X—

Men's Suits at $3 50, 4 00, 5 50, 6 00 and $8 00.
Boys' Suits at $3 00, $3 50, 4 00, 5 00, 5 00, 6 00 and 8 00
Children's Suits for $1 25, 1 50, 1 75, 2 00, 2 50, 3 00, and upwards.

A GENUINE REDUCTION

from 25 to 40 per cent. on our former prices.

Overcoats, Pants, Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Hats, Trunks and Valises at reduced prices.

A call will convince you that what I advertise is true.

SIMON LOEB,

BROCKERHOFF BLOCK, - - BELLEFONTE.

- Harper & Kreamer -

Are now carrying the largest stock of general merchandise of any store in the valley and are daily adding new lines to their stock of goods. The

:o: DRY :o: GOODS :o:

department is abundantly supplied with fall and winter wear, purchasing to supply the wants of customers. A large stock of

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

has been received and are open for the inspection of the people. We are making a specialty of clothing and carry a fine assortment, and at prices that will startle you and convice you that we can suit you. Call and inspect it.

Harper & Kreamer's.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion.
Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Scribner's Magazine

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:

Sir Edwin Arnold

contributes to the December number the first series of four Article upon Japan, its people, its ways and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent Japanese Festival will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

Henry M. Stanley

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent African Exhibition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

The Wrecker,

a Serial novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear,

Prof. James Bryce, M. P.,

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of Four Articles upon India, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never ending interest.

Ocean Steamships

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad Articles. "Passenger Travel," The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Devices." and "Management," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

Great Streets of the World

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on Broadway, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on Piccadilly, London; Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once.

$3.00 *A YEAR.* 25 *CENTS A NUMBER.*

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers,
743-745 Broadway, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table in effect November 23, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.10 p. m., Washington, 5.55 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

2.10 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 7.50 p. m., New York 10.25 p. m., Baltimore, 7.00 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.42 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.35, a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars and passenger coaches to Philadelphia.

WESTWARD.

5.26 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.23.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

2.05 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday.) For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renova, Elmira and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Renova and Elmira.

9.30 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, (Daily) arriving at Montandon 10 23.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 11.17 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 2.03 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.14 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.30 p m, Baltimore 4.32 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.30 p m.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.					Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2 15	10 25	5 50	Montandon	9 20	1 55	5 45
2 25	10 35	6 20	Lewisburg	9 10	1 45	5 35
2 35		6 24	Biehl	9 00		5 26
2 40		6 35	Vicksburg	8 53		5 20
2 50		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		5 10
3 05		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 55
3 14		7 08	Laurelton	8 17		4 46
3 48		7 42	Paddy Mountain	7 45		4 12
4 00		7 53	Coburn	7 30		4 00
4 08		8 01	Zerby	7 21		3 52
4 17		8 10	Rising Spring	7 12		3 43
4 25		8 18	Penn Cave	7 05		3 35
4 30		8 24	Centre Hall	6 58		3 28
4 37		8 32	Gregg	6 51		3 23
4 43		8 37	Linden Hall	6 43		3 16
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 38		3 11
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 34		3 07
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 29		3 03
5 05		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 19		2 53
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 14		2 49
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 10		2 45

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.05 a m, and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.30 p m 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

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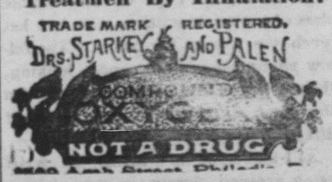

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

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"The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment," Drs. Starkey & Palen have been using for the last twenty years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen *magnetized*, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

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Rev. Victor L. Godrad, Ed Luth. Observer, Phila
Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.
Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, Ed. Inter-Ocean, Chicago
W. H. Worthington, Ed. New South, New York.
Judge H. P. Vrooman, Quenemo, Kan.
Mrs. Mary Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. W. Schuyler, Easton, Pa.
E. L. Wilson, 853 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Ph. Photo.
Fidelia M. Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Is.
Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland.
Mrs. Manuel V. Ortega, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mex
Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Span. Honduras, C A
J. Cobb, Ex-Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
M. V. Ashbrook, Red Bluff, Cal.
J Moore, Sup. Police, Blanford, Dorsetshire, Eng.
Jacob Ward, Bowral, New South Wales.
And thousands of others in every part of the United States.

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"*Compound Oxygen—its Mode of Action and Results*," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!

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No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Please mention this paper when you order Com Oxygen.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR STRENGTH — For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD Fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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THE COWARD.

Dave was a coward and every one
  Knew it, and Lord! how we went for him,
And made him the butt of our brutal fun,
  Till his face would blanch and his blue eyes brim
Into pools of tears!—buf he murmured not—
  He would just skulk off to his tent and sit
Hour after hour in the self-same spot,
  With his elbow crook'd and his face in it.

There was something about this same boy Dave—
  Something we never could understand;
He came to the war on the first wild wave
  That billowed the bluecaps over the land.
He was an orphan, and whether he had
  Brother or sister we never knew,
Nor whence he came to us—he was a lad
  That was hard to fathom, and talked with few.

Did I say Dave was a coward?—Well,
  It looked that way for a while, but when
We saw him flash through the breath of hell
  At Stone River, laughing among the men—
When we caught the gleam of his yellow hair
  Through the battery's smoke, and heard his voice
Ring out through the roar of the carnage there,
  With the troops of Turchin from Illinois;

When we saw, in the front of the awful fray,
  The bravest reel, and the old flag fall,
Clutched in the hand of the lad that lay
  Riddled with shot, and beyond them all—
When we saw at the close of that fearful fight,
  Two blue eyes and a shock of curls,
Clotted with blood, and a face all white
  And calm, in death, as a sleeping girl's;

We turned away—and we spoke no word;
  We turned, with a feeling of shame o'erpowered;
And, we noticed that each man's eyes were blurred,
  As they fell on the face of that fallen coward.

I tell you the army was full of men
  Like Dave, who, timid and half afraid,
Patiently bided their time, and then
  Died, like Christs, on the barricade.

—James N. Matthews.

A YOUNG PICKPOCKET.

It was a bright, clear, Sunday morning that I stood lingering on the Pont des Invalides, looking at the interesting view that lay to the eastward. Towering above the green and turbid waters of the Seine, the walls of the Louvre stretched in gray perspective, while beyond was seen the dome of the Institute, the pointed turrets of that famous prison the Conciergerie, the bu ky towers of Notre Dame, the dome of the Sorbonne, and the sharp, serrated spire of St. Chapelle, each and all historical. Memory was very busy with the scene and the thoughts which it suggested, when, suddenly, I felt a hand at my pocket, and turning suddenly I grasped the hand of a lad at my side. He struggled for a moment to escape from me, but when he found this impossible he stood silent and sulky.

I know not why, but as I regarded the little rogue I did not feel the least anger at his audacity, but watched him with not a little interest. He wore the inevitable blouse coming half down to his knees, the type of the humble class of artisans, with a slouched hat much the worse for wear. The fellow might have been good looking, though it was difficult to judge upon this point, so thick was the coating of dirt upon his face.

As I looked at his hands, his wrist being grasped firmly in my right, I observed that they were small and well formed; not one of those accustomed to labor, though, in the matter of want of cleanliness, they rivalled his face. He was rather tall, quite slim, and I should have judged not over seventeen or eighteen years of age.

Neither of us had spoken a word while I was making these observations: and I was rather surprised that the fellow did not show fight, or at least struggle to get away. But he saw that I was more than a match for him, and I kept a firm grip upon his wrist, determined not to let him go.

"You are hurting my wrist," he said, at last.

"Very likely," I replied. "You put it where you had no right to just now."

"I didn't take anything."

"No; I was too quick for you."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Hand you over to the police."

"Don't do that," said he, drawing closer to my side. "You are not a hard man—I can see that."

"You deserve punishment."

"Ah, but you will also punish those at home: they are not to blame, poor things."

I was interested at once, and told the lad I would like to see his home. If he would show me to it, and promise not to run away, I would let go his wrist and not hand him over to the police. He looked at me with a searching glance and thought for a moment before he answered, then said: "You have a right to make terms, I don't see what good it will do, but I promise, and you can follow me.

I released his wrist, and followed him across the bridge to the other side of the [illegible] After crossing the Boulevard St. Michael we struck into a labyrinth of streets that lie in this part of the city, the famous St. Giles of Paris, and finally stopped before a tumble-down house, into which my guide entered; and I followed him up a narrow flight of stairs to the garret. Here, taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked a door, and we entered a low room, in the middle of which, upon the floor, were a little girl and a boy at play with some toys.

My guide disappeared at once through a side door into what appeared to be an ante-room; and I turned towards the children, both of whom had left their play to regard me with curious eyes. The oldest could not have been more than four years of age, a bright and pretty-faced boy, while his sister was perhaps a year younger, and extremely beautiful. They were coarsely dressed, but were clean and neat in appearance.

The apartment, which contained little or no furniture beyond a bedstead and two chairs, with a sort of bureau, surmounted by a looking-glass, showed unmistakable evidences of poverty; but yet no want of neatness outraged the eye.

I had hardly made these observations when the door opened again, and there entered the room a young woman, scarcely more than twenty years of age. She was rather delicate in appearance, and quite pretty, not to say handsome; and as she sat down upon one of the chairs, after placing the other for me, the two children ran to her knees with the instinct and affection of offspring of their tender years. I had looked at her but a moment before I discovered that the pickpocket of the Pont des Invalides was a woman!

"Did you not suspect my sex?" she asked, after a moment.

"I certainly did not."

"It is my one resort," she said, sadly, and never ado ted until I am driver to it to fill those little mouths!"

"Dangerous business—you might have fallen into very different hands, as you must be aware."

"True, but I work by instinct. I saw your face, and I said: 'I must have money. He is not a hard man; if detected, I may, perhaps, appeal to his mercy."

"Why do you not ask for aid in place of being thus a thief?"

"That is a hard word, but it is merited. Do you not know that beggars are treated in Paris like thieves? The law punishes both nearly alike."

"I fear that you speak truly. Are these your children?"

"Yes;" and she kissed them both tenderly.

"Are you married?"

"Monsieur!"

"I mean no reproach."

"I am a widow."

"How did you lose your husband?"

"He was one of the Commune, was tried, condemned, and fell by the muskets of the soldiery on the plains of Satory."

"Alas, for these civil wars!"

"Ah, but he was right," said she, with all the obstinacy of conviction and loyalty to his memory.

I then listened to her story. Her husband had been an engraver, with good wages, and had been able to support his little family comfortably until the war, which was followed by the intestine troubles. He was arrested with the Communists, and suffered the punishment of death. Since then she had lived and supported her children by selling off everything that would bring money. Had got some work to do with her needle occasionally, but at last all seemed to fail her, and by means of disguising her sex, she had successfully consummated several small robberies of money, and once or twice had made attempts similar to that which had failed in my instance. She reasoned with me very cooly, and said, "If it were not for these dear children, I should cease to suffer very soon; for," said she, "the Seine is always there with open arms!"

I found that her sense of morality, or conscientiousness, could not be aroused, except in the matters of personal purity—there she was immaculate. She said, tenderly: "My husband is in heaven, but he is my husband still, and I shall live and die faithful to him."

Notwithstanding her noble sense of honor in this respect, she felt no compunctions as to stealing.

"The world owes me and my children bread. I take nothing from the poor, only from such as can well afford to lose it."

Honesty, as a matter of principle, she could not recognize.

"Have you no friends?"

"None here."

"Have you any elsewhere?"

"I have a sister at Rouen, the wife of a farmer. If I could get there, she would give me a home for myself and children, in return for the work I could do for her."

"You shall go there," said I.

"Monsieur!"

"I say you shall go to your sister."

"It will cost fifty francs."

"Just about."

"You will pay this for me, who would have robbed you half an hour since?"

"I will. But I exact from you one promise."

She looked at me suspiciously for a moment.

"What is it?"

"That you will learn to be as honest and true in relation to the rights and property of others as you are with regard to your honor."

"I believe I understand you," she said, thoughtfully; "and I will promise to try and do as you have said."

"That is all I can ask,"

She came towards me now, leading the children, and said, "Monsieur, let them kiss you. I believe, after all, that there is disinterested benevolence in the world. I have been more than once offered assistance, but it has been coupled with conditions so hateful that I have felt insulted. Kiss him, Marie; kiss him, Gustave; he is good—good, like your papa!"

I had been surprised at the excellent manner in which she had expressed herself, while as she stood there now, her cheeks suffused with a slight color and her eyes lighted up by animation and a feeling of trust and gratitude, I thought that she was extremely beautiful.

"I am going to Havre to-morrow, by the way of Rouen," said I; "can you be ready so soon with your children?"

"I can be ready in one hour."

"Pack up whatever is necessary for you to carry. Here is money to get you a good-sized trunk. Be ready to-morrow at noon, and I will come for you."

She attempted to thank me, but her lips quivered, and she turned away to hide the tears that coursed down her cheeks. As I passed toward the door she followed, and, taking my hand between her own, pressed it earnestly as she said: "There is a reward somewhere for such kindness."

As I looked upon her now it seemed impossible that this was the pickpocket of the Pont des Invalides—the dirty lad in a blouse, whom I had detained by force.

Stopping over for a few hours at Rouen enabled me to witness the meeting of the young mother with her sister at a very comfortable Norman farm-house, as she described. Pressing a purse of 50 francs upon her, I left the sisters together, both happy at the reunion which should make them share the same home together, even as they had done in childhood.

"Keep your resolve and the secret of the past," I said to her in a low voice.

"With heaven's help, I will," she replied.

Five to One.

It is said to be a prevailing delusion among English tourists that the natives of foreign countries are guilty of peculiar stupidity in not understanding the English language. Sometimes, however, even those who were not born "bold Britons" attain a linguistic advantage.

Two English travellers in the East, one day entered the shop of a Jew who, though he spoke several other languages, had but a slight acquaintance with English. On his failure to make the Jew understand what he wanted, one of the travellers said carelessly to the other: "The old fool doesn't speak English."

Unfortunately, this remark came within the radius of the Jew's comprehension, and drew from him the following questions:

"Do you spik Italian?"

"No," answered both.

"Do you spik Grik?"

"No."

"Do you spik Turk?"

"No."

"Do you spik Spanish?"

"No."

"Do you spik French?"

"No."

Then, after a pause for preparation, the old man ejaculated, energetically:

"Me one time fool; you five times fool."

Patti Likes Billiards.

A Chinese dispatch states that Signor Nicolini has presented Jacob Schaefer with a fine gold watch. Mme. Patti has a table in her apartments at the Richelieu, and Schaefer goes there every day to give lessons to Nicolini and his charming wife. Patti's love for the noble game is one of her chief and brightest characteristics, and she honors the game by her patronage and interest in its many beauties.

With Bell Punches.

I asked Senator Stanford, says the Chicago News Washington man, if his wife was correctly reported in a public interview the other day when she said that he had college graduates driving street-cars for his company in San Francisco.

"No," replied the Senator, "that is not quite accurate. I do not know what Mrs. Sonford said to the reporter whose interview you mention, but it is a fact that at one time in San Francisco I had five college graduates and three young preachers in my employ as conductors on the street railway, and I must say they made very good conductors."

"How did they happen to come there?"

"Well, you know that I have a very wide acquaintance throughout the country, and there is a popular impression that any anyone can get work in San Francisco. My friends, knowing that I employed fifteen or twenty thousand men, assume, of course, that I can give employment to everyone who comes, and therefore they send out to me from the East all sorts of people with letters of introduction.

"While it is true that I employ a great many men, I make it a rule never to put a man into a position he is not qualified to fill. I have no work for college graduates, nor do I need any preachers, although I always pay my share towards supporting the church to which I belong and in assisting other churches that need financial encouragement. So when these people come out to me I am compelled to tell them that I have nothing for them to do.

"Afterwards, when their means are exhausted and they come to me again, I say to them that certain positions are vacant, and let them select for themselves. They invariably prefer positions as conductors on the street-car lines to manual labor, and are, of course, better qualified for them, and so it happened that at one time I had five college graduates and the young preachers that I mentioned in my employ. They did not remain long, however, because, all of them having good manners and more than ordinary intelligence, they were able to make acquaintances rapidly, and soon found other and more a propriate positions."

A Fortune Just Missed.

Quincy Robison related an incident of the early history of the oil regions recently which may give the children of the present generation a vague idea of the magnitude of the transactions which took place when oil was $8 and $9 a barrel, and poor people gained a competency by scooping it off the surface of creeks or gathered it from pools around the tanks which had overflowed. The story as told by Mr. Robison was as follows:

"Within a month after Col. Drake had struck the first petroleum ever brought to the surface in America by means of drilling, my father and the father of my relatives here bought a tract of land, comprising 1,280 acres, adjoining the farm on which the Drake well was located, for $350,000. Not long afterwards I was sitting in their office one day—I remember it as distinctly as though it happened only yesterday—when an agent for an Eastern syndicate walked in and offered $500,000 for the 1,280 acres. The owners looked at him rather incredulously for a moment, but before they could speak he had counted out on the table $500,000 in cash and drafts, which he offered for a deed of the tract. I was appalled by the sight of the pile, but my father and the father of these gentlemen retired for consultation, and decided that if the property was worth $500,000 it was worth $1,000,000, and the offer was refused. Their heirs still own the land and now it is valued at about $20,000. Where they could have got dollars we could scarcely get nickels. Thus you can see what seemingly fairy stories could be told of those days. They are almost incomprehensibe to the present generation, but they were red-hot facts." And a sigh of regret that the offer had not been accepted went around the circle.

A Young Hero Honored.

The secretary of the navy does honor to the memory of one of the bravest of the brave in bestowing the name of Cushing upon the new torpedo boat, which the Herreshoff's will launch in a few weeks from their yard at Bristol, R. I. Commander William B. Cushing, who destroyed the rebel ram Albemarle and did a score of acts of daring which won for him a national reputation before he was twenty-three, had a brief and brilliant career, dying at the early age of thirty-two. He was well known in Boston and its vicinity, where there are many who will be glad to learn that his courage and his services are to be recognized in the naming of the new navy.

HATED BY EVERYBODY

A MAN WHO ABUSED HIS FELLOW MEN.

Nobody Dared Attend His Wife's Funeral.

A man who never was known to agree with anybody was just buried by hired mourners at Greenwood, says the New York Sun. His name was Henry J. Irving, and he lived for years in social ostracism upon a farm which he owned about two miles from Englewood, N. J. He was nearly 70, but he lived entirely alone, because it was impossible for any one to abide in peace under the same roof with him. He died as he had lived, neglected and alone, his dead body being found by a neighbor last Friday upon the back stoop of his house, where he had expired probably about fifteen hours before.

In his early manhood Henry J. Irving was a lawyer of repute in New York. Little is known of his early career beyond the fact that he was at first successful and popular and that he was at one time a member of the Legislature, representing one of the city Assembly districts. Something led him to abandon his profession and soured his whole life. No one among his neighbors of the past thirty or forty years knows what drove him from the city to the obscurity of farm life, but certain it is that never within their memory has this eccentric man been at peace with his fellowmen. Quarrels were of his persistent seeking with all with whom he came in contact, until he was avoided as carefully by the people around about as though he were afflicted with a plague.

About five years ago his wife, a good woman, died suddenly. She was much respected by her neighbors, yet such was the dread of Irving's quarrelsome temper that no one attended the funeral, for fear the old man might take it into his head to drive them out with a pitchfork. He had been known to do such things on more than one occasion. The husband was compelled to hire pall bearers to assist in the obsequies, and to go with him to his wife's grave. His spirit was in no degree softened by his wife's death. He seemed rather to grow more bitter and violent in his last years. Every man he looked upon as his personal enemy; every man was a thief and a robber in his eyes. He was not a miser; but he was grasping in money affairs. He never paid a bill of any description without first heaping a torrent of abuse upon his creditor. Naturally everybody avoided doing business with him.

He assumed a peculiar and somewhat ostentatious piety. He sometimes prayed in public in a conspicuous fashion. One of his neighbors did his teaming for him, but he hadn't the courage to present a bill for the work oftener than once a year. On one occasion he called with his bill just as Irving sat down to supper. The old man paid no attention to his caller until he had said grace, a ceremony that consumed nearly a half hour. Then he asked what was wanted, and the bill was handed to him. Irving jumped to his feet and cursed the man with a storm of the rankest blasphemy that could come from a man's lips. He raved until he was out of breath, winding up with a profane declaration that he would never pay the bill. The neighbor turned to go.

"Hold on, you good-for-nothing thief, what are you going for?" shouted Irving.

"You say you won't pay the bill, so I thought I would be getting along," replied the man.

"Yes, I will pay it, and then don't you ever let me see your face again," and the old man handed over the money, while his creditor again started to go.

"Come back, you dirty Dutch thief," thundered Irving. "Did you think you were going to get away without giving me a receipt?"

"I didn't know you thought it necessary," suggested the long-suffering caller.

"Do you suppose I'd trust you or anybody else? All men are thieves," and the ex-member of the bar went to his desk and laboriously drew up a full legal release from all claims, which he compelled his neighbor to sign before he would allow him to depart. It was not long before he applied to the same man to do some more work for him.

Irving's last public exploit was his violent opposition some time ago to the use of a schoolhouse in his neighborhood by Episcopalians for services on Sunday afternoons. He made things so warm for everybody concerned that the services were abandoned because of the annoyance which his denunciation caused.

Heart disease was probably the cause of his death. In the corner of the piazza was a basin of water, and the old man was found with his sleeves rolled up, as though he was about to wash after doing his chores about the stable. He leaves considerable property, though nobody knows how much. Besides his farm of thirty or forty acres, he owned other real estate in Englewood and neighboring towns worth nearly $50,000. The funeral took place Monday at Richfield. None of the neighbors attended and, as in the case of his wife's burial, it became necessary to hire pall bearers to go with the body to the grave. He was buried by the side of his wife at Greenwood. He leaves no children. Two or three sisters survive him. One of them, now living in New York, whom he drove from his house in a fit of anger many years ago, attended the funeral on Monday.

Georgia's Debt to Grady.

But Grady gave Georgia new impulses, He took up the ideas of keen people and advocated them so strongly and so strenuously and so seductively in the columns of the Constitution that he forced people to adopt them. The mere enumeration of the things he has accomplished in this way for the benefit of Georgia would consume more time than either you or I could spare. Let me, however, cite a few examples. He urged the people of Georgia to cultivate watermelons on a large scale. A trifle, you say. So much of a trifle that to-day the melon product of Georgia represents nearly ten millions of dollars. Some people were ruined by their watermelon schemes, and they blame Grady for the disaster, but a majority of those who followed his published advice rise up and call him blessed. He called attention to the success that had followed the efforts of a man named Mitchell at Thomasville to grow the Leconte pear, and now that luscious fruit is found throughout the State.

He wrote ravishing lines about the beauty of the soft-eyed Jersey cattle and glowing words about the Angora goat, exemplifying his remarks with facts concerning the venture of Richard Peters with both these animals. To-day the value of the graded Jersey cattle of Georgia is exceeded only by the herds of New York State. Through his instrumentality there was introduced into Georgia the Japanese persimmon, the beagle dog, the Guinea cow, which is so well adapted to a profitable existence upon the pine barrens, and his arguments led to the introduction in Atlanta of broom factories, match factories and soap factories. Georgia marble and Georgia railroads found in him an enthusiastic eulogizer. And before I forget it I must say a word about his cotton-seed achievement. The Georgia planters threw away their cotton seed as refuse material. Grady, in a series of his convincing articles, showed how a valuable oil could be expressed from the seed, and the material that remained could be utilized as a desirable food for cattle. To-day one of the greatest sources of Georgia's wealth is its cotton seed.—Philadelphia News.

Flight of Birds.

It has been remarked that sailing vessels do not lay down their course upon the arc of a great circle, as they would if distance were the only matter to be considered. The prevailing winds, the currents in the ocean, and many other aids or hindrances to navigation have to be taken into account.

It is of interest to find that migratory birds are equally sensible of the advantages of different routes. This is perfectly noticeable in their crossing of mountain ranges. A Russian traveller in Central Asia writes of the habit of the wild fowl:

"The observations on the spring flight at Lob-nor afforded new proofs that birds of passage do not take the shortest meridional course, but prefer a more favorable, though more circuitous route.

"All the flocks, without exception, which appeared at Lob-nor, came from west-southwest, occasionally from southwest and west. Not a bird flew direct from the south, over the Altintagh Mountains, thus proving that migratory birds, or at all events, water fowl, will not venture to cross the lofty and cold Thibetan highlands on their passage from the trans-Himalayan countries, but pass over this difficult country at its narrowest point."

The Naugatuck railroad, in Connecticut, has never since its first train ran killed any person who held a ticket and was one of its regular passengers.

There are two obelisks known as Cleopatra's needle. One stands on the Thames embankment, London, and the other in Central Park, New York.

SHE LIKED THE RING.—A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat astonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love.

"Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry."

"I know it," replied the young man, "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, eh?"

The young woman's sensations are not described.

An Abilene (Kan.) man recently helped to settle up the estate of his father, who died in the State of New York, and, although there were several thousand dollars involved and the property was divided among a number of children, the entire cost of administration was 30 cents—for postage and paper. The property was divided into equal portions, and all heirs took their choice.

BUT OTHERS HAD.—He—You are the only girl I ever loved.

She—And you are the only man I ever gave my heart to.

He—I am not good enough for you.

She—Please don't say that. I am tired of those words.

He—Why never used them before.

She—No—not you.

Syrup of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently, on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

There were in operation in the South in 1889-90 as many as 1,624,385 spindles, against 561,360 in 1879-80.

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free: all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street New York.

At the best English country houses separate tables for supper are now in general use.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION gives so much for the small amount that it costs it is no wonder it is taken already in nearly Half a Million Families. With its fine paper and beautiful illustrations, its Weekly Illustrated Supplements, and its Double Holiday numbers, it seems as if the publishers could not do enough to please. By sending $1.75 now you may obtain it free to January, and for a full year from that date to January, 1892. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

The Kinzua viaduct on the Erie Road is 305 feet high.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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For many centuries while the doctors have been experimenting and theorizing, the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills have been quietly curing people by counteracting the causes of disease, stimulating torpid livers, kidneys and bowels, promoting, promoting digestion, nutrition and excretion, purifying the blood, restoring vitality and aiding nature gently, quickly surely and safely. A sample of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent *free* to all applicants. Address St. Bernard Box, 2416, New York.

A Pittsburg client has sued his lawyer because he lost his case.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other, at double the price. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

A man in Michigan is coining money out of a mushroom orchard.

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles.—"Pre-eminently the best."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

A Missouri girl is seven feet and ten inches in height and is growing yet.

You wear out clothes on a wash board ten times as much as on the body. *How foolish.* Buy Dobbins' Electric Soap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1864. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

The coins of Siam are made of porcelain; those of Japan are made principally of iron.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

6 Fans were used by the ancients, and are distinctly mentioned as being used in 166 B. C.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

Tobacco was found in Cuba by Columbus when he first went to the island. The Indians were using it.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

Fabulere's statue of Lafayette, which has been stored in the Senate stables since its arrival in Washington last winter, is to be erected in Lafayette square, after all.

Not a Local Disease

Because catarrh affects your head, it is not therefore a local disease. If it did not exist in your blood, it could not manifest itself in your nose. The blood now in your brain is before you finish reading this article, back in your heart again and soon distributed to your liver, stomach, kidneys and so on. Whatever impurities the blood does not carry away, cause what we call diseases. Therefore when you have catarrh of the head, a snuff or other inhalant can at most give only temporary relief. The only way to effect a cure is to attack the disease in the blood, by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eliminates all impurities and thus permanently cures catarrh.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

Highly concentrated. Dose small. In quantity costs less than one-tenth cent a day per hen. Prevents and cures all diseases. If you can't get it, we send by mail post-paid. One pack. 25c. Five $1. 244 lb. can $3.20; [illegible] $5. Express paid. Testimonials free. Send stamps or cash. Farmers' Poultry Guide (price 25c.) free with $1.00 orders or more. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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SUBSCRIBE NOW! Cut out and send with $2.40 to D. Lothrop Co., and receive CHRISTMAS NUMBER of WIDE AWAKE FREE.

BABYLAND, 50c. a year. | OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, $1 a year. | THE PANSY, $1 a year.

Specimen of any one, 5 cents; of the four, 15 cents
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ASTHMA.

Popham's Asthma Specific

Gives immediate relief. It is believed to be the Best ASTHMA Remedy known to humanity. As evidence we give a Trial Package FREE. Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail, postpaid, for $1 per Box. Address, THOS. POPHAM 2001 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

ONLY 50 CENTS

Sent with your order as a guarantee of good faith is all we require, the balance ($5.50) you can pay at the express office after you have examined the watch, and are convinced of its worth. The picture that we now here gives a good view of the watch that we send. We have them in hundreds of different styles of engraving. The cases are made of two heavy plates of 18k. solid gold over composition metal, and are warranted in every respect. It is hunting case, stem wind and stem set. It has solid bow, cap, crown and thumb pieces, all accurately made, fitted and warranted. The movement is the fine Elgin style, richly jeweled quick train, and best per hour. Expansion balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, full plate, beautifully finished, accurately regulated, and adjusted and warranted to keep correct time. A guarantee paper with each watch, good for ten years. The regular retail price of this watch is $25.00, but we desire to secure an agent in every town throughout the United States, and therefore make the special price of $6.00. If you send money with your order ($6.50) we will include in addition a handsome gold plated chain. If you want to see the watch before paying for it, you can send us 50 cts. to guarantee express charges, and we will send it by express C. O. D., with privilege to examine it before you pay the balance, $5.50. Any bank, newspaper or commercial agency will tell you of our reliability. A New Catalogue free. If you have a friend in the city have him call at our salesroom and select watch for you.

KIRTLAND BROS. & CO.
62 Fulton Street N. Y.

49 710

1,000 DOZEN FREE

1,000 Dozen pairs Ladies fine Fall and Winter Hosiery given absolutely free to introduce HOME GUEST. They are heavy, warm, well made, fashionable, solid colors, stripes, checks, all the popular shades cardinal, navy blue, seal brown, black, slate, tan, in fact style and colors to suit all tastes. Don't pay 25 to 75cts. for a pair of Fall and Winter hose when you can get a dozen for nothing. The old reliable HOME GUEST, of New York, is a complete family paper, richly Illustrated, containing each month short stories, romances, sketches, wit, humor, fashion, household hints, stories for children &c., &c. Positively the entire lot (1,000 dozen) to be given away during the next 60 days. We also send the HOME GUEST six months free to 1,000 persons who will answer this advertisement and send us the address of 10 newspaper readers from different families. To the club raiser of the list of 10 subscribers we send 3 dozen pairs of these beautiful and useful articles. We are determined to lead the race in premiums, hence this liberal inducement. It is a colossal offer and will not appear again. If you want a dozen fashionable, fine hosiery send 15cts. in silver or stamps, to help pay postage, packing, &c., and names of 10 newspaper readers, and you will receive paper 6 months. Address, HOME GUEST, 19 Nassau Street, New York.

A XMAS HEALTH GIFT
(Exerciser Complete $5)

IS BEST OF ALL. CIRCULAR FREE.

BOOKS: For "An Ideal Complexion & Complete Physical Development," 50 ills 50 cts. "Health & Strength in Physical Culture," 40 ills 20 cts. Chart of 39 ills for Dumb Bells & Pulleys, 25 cts. Ad. JNO. E. DOWD'S Vocal & Physical Culture school, 116 Monroe St. Chicago

DON'T LICK STAMPS. Send $1 for World's Fair, Letter Sealer, Stamp Sticker and stamp Box. Agents wanted. West Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

5 TON SCALES $60 Beam Box Tare Beam ALL SIZES Send for Terms

JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y. HE PAYS THE FREIGHT

HUMOROUS.

UNDOUBTEDLY.—Johnny—Did the ancient knights use to wear shoes made of iron?

Papa—Yes, my son.

Johnny—Well, I suppose it was then that men first "felt the iron entering their soles."

A NEIGHBORLY GROWL.—Mr. Gordon Settaire (angrily)—That dog of yours is barking all night.

Mr. Onderschod—So is yours.

Mr. Gordon Settaire—Well, I've got used to mine.

NO WOODPILE IN HIS.—First Wanderer—Why does some kindhearted people spoil their charities, Bill, by forgettin' that the poor has feelin's?

Second Ditto—I dun'no', Jim; but many on 'em does it. I was offered the finest breakfast y'ever seen this mornin', but a wood-pile went with it. I had ter say no.

INSULTED.—Dicky (entering the club in a state of great agitation)—Oh!

Chorus of clubmen—What's the matter?

Dicky—A wiotous fellow on the street insulted me.

Chorus—What did he do?

Dicky—He—he looked at me.

Chorus—Call the police.

IN A JEWELRY STORE.—"Hun!" exclaimed the watch to the hall clock, "You think because you are tall and have a handsome face that you can run me down."

"Do not set me going," angrily replied the clock; "you had better wind up your nonsense, for I am dangerous when I strike."

And the Jurgensen stopped.

AN EXPENSIVE JOKE.—"Mrs. Boggs," said Boggs in a hesitating way, while he and his wife were eating dinner. "If I felt sure that you could keep a thing to yourself, and not breathe it to any living person—"

"Oh, don't keep me waiting all day, now," said Mrs. Boggs. "What is it?"

"I was going to offer you one of these raw onions," said Boggs, but she was too mad to take anything less than $10.

A POOR PEACH TREE.—City Boarder (putting his host at ease)—How many peaches did this tree have on this year?

Farmer—Nary one

City Boarder—What, not a single one (sportively) what kind of a tree is this?

Farmer—Plum

TWO OF A KIND.—Mrs. Welloff—That is a splendid charger you are riding, Mr. P. orbody.

Mr. Poorbody (who had spent his week's wages for an airing through the park)—H'm—er—yes. Something like the livery man of whom I hired him.

DRUGGISTS' DANGER SIGNALS.—Patient—"Why do they always put red lights in druggists' windows?"

Dr. Fatheure—"Danger signals—Beware the drug!"

AMBIGUOUS.—Mrs. Holt—"Yes, that is my husband over yonder. When we were married last year he was quite blind, but now he can see well enough."

Dawson—(sympathetically)—"What an affliction!"

AN INFALLIBLE SIGN.—Weeks—"I'll wager a new hat that man over there's a schoolmaster."

Potts—"Nonsense, how do you know?"

Weeks—"Oh, he tried his hand on the seat of the chair before he sat on it!"

The chief who chatted with the Indian Messiah calls himself Big Beaver; but the original Big Beaver was smashed last summer by its owner in a rage against the tariff.

THE

GREAT WRITERS OF THE DAY.

To convince everybody, before subscribing, of the high quality and interest of our *Beautifully Illustrated* journal in its new form, we will send to any address

Three Weeks for 10 cents

SEND TEN CENTS for a trial subscription, and we will send you three numbers, including our CHRISTMAS NUMBER, with an artistic cover; also our Calendar Announcement for 1891, with a painting by J. G. L. Ferris.

These three numbers contain the following reading-matter:

(1) ***Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's*** new serial, "The Beads of Tasmer." Mrs. Barr is the author of that most successful serial, "Friend Olivia," just completed in THE CENTURY; but hereafter Mrs. Barr will write exclusively for THE LEDGER.

(2) ***Hon. George Bancroft's*** description of "The Battle of Lake Erie," illustrated.

(3) ***Margaret Deland's*** latest story, "To What End?"

(4) ***James Russell Lowell's*** poem, "My Brook," written expressly for THE LEDGER, beautifully illustrated by Wilson de Meza, and issued as a FOUR-PAGE SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT.

(5) ***Mrs. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith*** starts a series of articles giving very valuable information to young mothers.

(6) ***Robert Grant's*** entertaining society novel, "Mrs. Harold Stagg."

(7) ***Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Marquise Lanza, Josiah Allen's Wife, Maurice Thompson*** and ***George Frederic Parsons*** contribute short stories.

(8) ***James Parton, M. W. Hazeltine*** and ***Oliver Dyer*** (author of "Great Senators") contribute articles of interest.

In addition to the above, SPARKLING EDITORIALS, Illustrated Poems, HELEN MARSHALL NORTH'S chatty column, and a variety of delightful reading of interest to all members of the household.

The foregoing is a sample of the matter which goes to make up the most perfect National Family Journal ever offered to the American people.

Send Ten Cents for these three numbers and judge for yourself, or send only Two Dollars for a year's subscription to

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ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, Publishers, 413 *WILLIAM ST., N. Y. CITY.*

We retail at the lowest wholesale factory prices, and ship goods to be paid for on delivery. Send stamp for Catalogue. Home goods desired.
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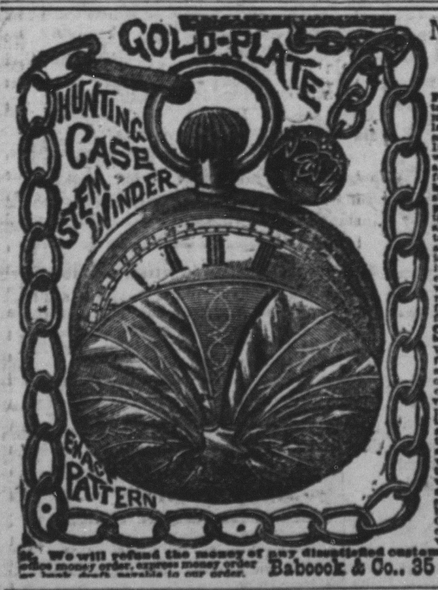
Ever invented for raising chicks; only $5. Address G. S. SINGER, Cardington, O., for circular.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.



NEW AMERICAN
Stem Wind & Stem Set, ONLY $1.00.

The Law American in Handsome Shell Pattern Hunting Case, a correct illustration of which we show in this advertisement, is now ready and by placing a very large order we have secured the entire output for the United States and Canada. It is a stem winder and stem setter with patent adjustment, and is fitted with a new patent stem winding arrangement and stem set, so that no other. It is hunting case, beautifully engraved of the new style shell pattern, as shown in cut, plated with pure gold on solid nickel (not the ordinary plated alcmitefum), and in appearance is similar to gold watches. The crystal is double thick polished French glass, and all the engine turning and fine engravings are perfectly made by the most improved and expensive machinery. Each part is carefully fitted by skilled workmen. Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory, and fully warranted by us for five years (if used with reasonable care).

Special Offer We will send one New American Stem Winder and Stem Setter, with a beautiful gold plated chain to any lady or gentleman, all packed in an elegant satin lined case, on receipt of **only $1.00** bill, money order, postage stamp or silver. Any one should order two, as a friend to the person receiving it will faithfully promise to send us as many orders from their locality as possible. Our New Catalogue of Watches and Jewelry, one of the largest lists to be found in any Catalogue will be sent with each order. We want one good agent in every town to take the agency for the sale of our reliable watches, which we will situate in Our Catalogue at prices from $2.00 upward, and then to all parts of the United States by mail and express. SEND $1.00 AT ONCE and we will forward the New American by return mail. Your money back if watch is not satisfactory. Send $1.00 by registered letter. We will refund the money of any dissatisfied customer. Express money order or bank draft payable to our order.

Babcock & Co., 35 & 37 Frankfort St., N. Y.

1,000 TEA SETS GIVEN AWAY.

1,000 Lovely decorated (56 piece) Tea Sets given absolutely free to introduce Our Country Home to new subscribers. Each set contains 56 pieces of richly decorated ware. Each piece is richly decorated in colors, in tasteful leaf and flower patterns. The shapes are modern and artistic. Our Country Home stands to-day as one of the leading and most popular farm and home papers in America. Every one is delighted with it. Positively the entire lot (1,000) to be given away. We send Our Country Home six months to 1,000 persons who will answer this advertisement and send us the address of 14 newspaper readers from different families. Send 25 cents silver or stamps, to help pay cost of advertising, and remember, send every club raiser, or for a list of 14 subscribers, a Lovely Tea Set, just what every home will appreciate. We are bound to distance all competition and make Our Country Home known in every quarter of the globe. If you want a nice Tea Set send 25 cents and names of 14 newspaper readers and receive Our Country Home six months. Address Our Country Home, Box 3379, N. Y.

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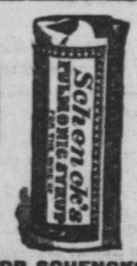
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. *Refuse Substitutions and Imitations.* All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



DR. SCHENCK'S **MANDRAKE PILLS**

DR. SCHENCK'S — DR. SCHENCK'S

SEAWEED TONIC

Is a Positive Cure for **DYSPEPSIA** And all Disorders of the Digestive Organs. It is likewise a Corroborative or Strengthening Medicine, and may be taken with benefit in all cases of Debility. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, $1.00 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's New Book on Lungs, Liver and Stomach mailed free. Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Phila.

STANDARD FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

Cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulency, Colic, and all Diseases of the Stomach; Costiveness, Inflammation, Diarrhœa, Piles, and Diseases of the Bowels; Congestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Nausea, Headache, Giddiness, Nervousness, Wandering Pains, Malaria, Liver Complaint, and all Diseases arising from a Gorged and Sluggish Liver. They clean the mucous coats, reduce gorged or congested conditions, break up stubborn complications, restore free, healthy action to the organs, and give the system a chance to recover tone and strength. They are

PURELY VEGETABLE, STRICTLY RELIABLE, AND ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 3 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

PULMONIC SYRUP

Will Cure **COUGHS, COLDS,** And All Diseases of the THROAT AND LUNGS.

It is pleasant to the taste, and does not contain a particle of opium or anything injurious. It is the Best Cough Medicine in the World. For Sale by all Druggists. Price $1.

Per bottle. Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption and its Cure, mailed free. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Phila.

Good Wives

grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO: It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.

HEADACHE

PLEASANT AND SAFE. CONTAINS NO MORPHIA, NO CHLORAL, NO ANTIPYRIN.

Neuralgia and Nervousness CURED IN 20 MINUTES BY TAKING

I consider BROMO-SELTZER a God-send to those subject to Nervous Headache. C. S. MOSHER, Datte.

BROMO-SELTZER

TRIAL SIZE 10 cts. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or mailed on receipt of price. EMERSON DRUG CO. Sole Proprietors, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS;—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, DEC. 11

ONLY 18 MONTHS OLD.

"The Racket" is today the most popular store in Bellefonte among all classes of people. There is a reason for this.. The crowds that visit us daily are increasing. Bargains in fine Dress Goods and Trimmings, Notions, Novelties, Fancy Goods, Shoes, etc., arrive daily and are carried away in great bundles by our customers. You may just as well have your share of the Kuriosities.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.

As I contempleat a change in my bnsiness, by the 1st of March, I now offer my entire stock of clothing and gents furnishing goods regardless of cost. This is no hum bug, but a straigh offer.

SIMON LOEB.

——The next yell,—"My Christmas gift."

——Ice 4, 5 and 6 inches th ick in these parts.

——Next week Young America's holiday vacation begins.

— Good substantial clothing for very little money at S. Loeb's.

——Wit McCormick, the Tyrone undertaker, was in town Tuesday.

——A big slaughter in Men's, Boy's Children's overcoats at S. Loeb's.

——The recent snow has sent out many hunting parties after deer.

——Mr. Christ Platt, of Farmers Mills gave the REPORTER office a pop call on Monday.

——The Jury commissioners are engaged filling the jury wheel with 650 intelligent voters.

——Next Saturday, only, I will sell Cal. Evap. Prunes at 14 cents per pound. --G. O. Benner.

—Mrs, Wm. Wolf and Mrs. Flora Bairfoot took the Monday morning train for Philadelphia.

——For information, &c., in reference to the Ref. musical convention, address, Mrs. Annie Boozer, Centre Hall.

——Mrs. Samuel Harpster has left for Freeport, where she will make a few month's stay with her son William.

——James Coldren gracefully wears the diamonds during the absence of Landlord Bartges, in capacity of mine host.

——Teachers Institute begins Monday at Bellefonte, Supt. Etters has secnred good talent for the evening entertainments.

——Charley Arney and Frank Ross were out hunting for rabbits one day last week and returned home with eleven, the result of the day's sport.

— Bellefonte is fortunate in having the Institute held in that town. For once the town will have some pretty girls in the school "marms."

——The poor weak woman will not get a chance to shovel off the snow from the sidewalk, while her hard working husband sits around the stove.

——Geo. Ocker, Adam Thomas and Clem Luse, are at Tyrone, working on a new house which Cyrus Luse is erecting for himself in that town.

——The Philad. Branch is thoroughly reliable, and Lewins has in stock a line of clothing that leads in quality and low prices. Satisfaction always given.

— Geo. W. Rumbarger, late commissioners' clerk, and a veteran Democrat, gave our sanctum a pop visit, the other day. Mr. Rumbarger is a pleasant gentleman to meet.

— -One of Miles' veteran Democrats, John W. Sholl, was in town the other day, visiting his son-in-law, dentist Hosterman, He recently had a finger, next the thumb, taken off by a circular saw, the stump, however, is already healed.

——There is said to be much diphtheria in some parts of College township, and that many deaths have been caused by it of late. The family of Joseph Bitner, father, mother, and two children are down with it while a third child was buried a week ago.

——Mr. Hoover, of Nittany sends the REPORTER the right kind of response. He remits all dues and says he can't do without the REPORTER and desires to be among the ones who pay promptly. You bet that is the kind of Christian who will have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year—his conscience feels right.

Two at one Shot.

One day last week, Daniel Gentzel and one of his sons, were on Slate ridge, in the 7 Mts. hunting. Presently the son saw a deer spring to its feet, he quickly aimed, fired, and he saw the deer move away. His father was attracted to the spot, and a pool of blood was found where the son saw the deer; going a few rods to one side they found a fawn, dead, shot thro the neck; observing another pool of blood a little farther on, they followed the track and soon found a doe, killed by a shot through the heart entering one side and coming out of the other. The fawn evidently stood close to its mother when young Gentzell shot, and was killed by the same ball. That's genuine hunter's luck and no fish story. Abe, Harter, many years ago, did the same thing, killing two large deer, standing side by side, at one shot, altho he only saw one of them at the time. We think we could do it too as often as any one would hitch two deer together for us to shoot at.

Week of Song.

A grand musical convention will be held in the Reformed church, Centre Hall, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of that church, begining on Monday evening, Jan. 5, and to continue during the week, closing on Friday evening, Jan. 9th, with a grand concert by the class. Prof. P. H. Meyer, of Linden Hall, whose ability as a conductor is well known, will conduct the convention, assisted by Miss Anna Keller, of Centre Hall, as organist.

Some of the best musical talent from abroad will be present and add to the success of the convention. Special attention will be given to taste, style, and the proper rendition of music. All lovers of music are invited to attend. Free accommodations to singers from a distance.

For further information address, Mrs. Anna Boozer, Centre Hall.

Christmas Cantata.

The Lutheran Sabbath school will have a fine Christmas cantata in the church on Christmas night, 25, entitled the "Frost Queen and Santa Claus,"—words by Fannie J. Crosby and music by W. Howard Doane.

The characters will be:
Frost Queen, Annie Harpster.
Santa Claus, F Kurtz, jr.
Fairies, little girls.
Will of the Wisp, W. A. Holly.
Missionaries, M. Derstine, Mrs. Richard.
Wawakena, Indian, Geo. Homan.
Lulnchoo, Egyptian, Sim. Wolf.
Lingfang, Chinaman, W. McClenahan.
Hassan Burmese, G. Strohmeier.
Andy, Irishman, Jas. Stahl.
Isabel, lost child, Flora Love.
Edward, Walter Kurtz.
Lena, Marian Fischer.
Eva, Verna Geiss.
Banner Girls

Sponge out a Headache.

The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as can be borne on the back of the neck. Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be left to relax and smooth themselvs out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence. Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a hard day's shopping or from a long around of calls or afternoon teas.

Nothing so good for tired eyes has yet been discovered as bathing them in hot water, and neuralgia in nine cases out of 10 will yield to applications of cloths wrung out in hot water in which the hand cannot be borne.

A Sad Case of Suicide.

Mrs. Edward Krumrine, formerly of Spring Mills but now of Milton, whose mind had become affected by sickness, committed suicide at her home by hanging herself on Saturday to the transom of her bed room A strict watch had been kept on her, but she cunningly eluded the woman in whose charge she was placed, and when found life was extinct. A Coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts. The unfortunate woman leaves a husband and one daughter to mourn her death.

Mrs. Krumrine was a daughter of Wm Kerlin, formerly of Spring Mills and Bellefonte, and who, some years ago moved to the west.

Holiday Festivities.

Centre Hall will not be devoid of entertainment and amusement during the coming holidays. There are two entertainments to be given by the Evangelical and Lutheran Sabbath schools on Christmas eve and evening, 24th and 25th. The Odd Fellows will hold a festival beginning evening of 25th, and to continue until Saturday evening. A week or so later the musical convention in the Reformed church will be in full blast and crowds of people in town.

——Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place.

Hunting Notes.

The Centre Hall Nimrods, Willis Weber, Jerry Miller, Simon Harper, Henry Boozer, and other hunters who are not afraid of any wild beast from a chip-munk up to an elephant, left on Monday noon for the 7 Mts., from which they will bring four or five deer, 2 or 3 bears, 1 catamount and such, as we hope, as trophies of their expedition.

The Horner hunting party, we are told by one fellow got 3 deer in the 7 Mts.; another said they got 5; and another had it they got none. We do not know who is violating the 8th commandment.

The Bradford hunting party. in the Bear meadows last week, were reported to have killed three deer up to Saturday evening last.

Gossip.

Saturday last was icy and post-master Brisbin was the first to measure his length on the treacherous side walk.

Sleighs and the jingling bells were seen and heard in all quarters end of last week.

Coburn will have a two weeks' musical convention, begining of 1891, under Prof. A. J. Harter.

The Reformed people of this place will have a musical convention under Prof. P. Meyer, after New Year.

The Evangelical congregation of this place will have a fine cantata in their church Christmas eve.

The Lutheran Sabbath school will have an elaborate cantata in their church on night of Christmas.

Daniel Hess is administrator of the Sparr estate, in Harris.

Santa Claus, Ho!

He unloaded a fine lot of Christmas goods, fitting for young and old, and at prices from 5cts. up, at Wolf & Son's; he brought the most elegant lot of fancy holiday goods ever seen in this valley, and Wolf's counters are like a fancy fair and the store crowded with persons looking at the rare and beautiful articles, it's a big free show. Go and see too before all are sold. You can't find a better, finer or cheaper assortment of holiday goods. Then, also, their stock of general merchandise has been repleted with new goods in every line. The center of attraction now is the free exhibition at the store of Wolf & Son, which will continue until after Jan 1. Go and see and be happy, like all who have been there.

A Murder at Houtzdale.

William Kane, a Philipsburg colored man, was killed in the Arlington hotel at Houtzdale on Friday evening, by being struck on the head with a club in the hands of William Gray, the colored porter at that hotel. Kane had accompanided a colored woman and two white women to Houtzdale, and oysters had been ordered. They were refused and the party was ordered out, Gray striking Kane on the head as related. The latter died almost instantly. The murderer is now in the Clearfield jail.

Train Wrecked.

On Tuesday as the freight train west was nearing Pardee station, the track spread and the engine and nine cars left the track. Fortunately it was running at a very slow speed or the result would have been more serious, the track being on a high embankment. Only one car, loaded with wheat, turned over and went down the embankmeat, The 4 30 passenger was delayed over three hours in consequence, and did not arrive here until after 7 o'clock.

Wedding At Potters Mills.

Thursday last, Dec. 4, the marriage of Mr. A. J. Harter, of Coburn, to Miss Sallie B. Shirk, took place at the home of the bride's mother at Potters Mills. Rev. A. G. Wolf, of the Aaronsburg Lutheran charge officiated at the ceremony. The newly wedded couple are highly esteemed in their respective localities and have the best wishes of all for their future happiness.

Closing Out.

Contemplating quitting business, the firm of J. H. Musser & Son, Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, offer their entire stock of boots and shoes at less than actual cost. The stock is all new and fresh and every pair a bargain. They are bound to dispose of the stock by Feb. 1, and it will be your opportunity to buy at unprecedentedly low prices. Go at once and secure a bargain before it is too late.

Marriage Licenses.

Following is the list of marriage licenses issued during the past week from the register's office, Bellefonte:

Thomas Barnes, Jr., and Martha Alice Ramsdale Parker, both of Philipsburg.

David P. Solt, of Lemont, and L. May Houser, of Houserville

Festival.

The I. O. O. F. Lodge of Centre Hall, will hold a festival on the second floor of the bank building, begining on Thursday evening, Dec. 25, and to continue on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and evening following. Oysters, ice cream, cake, etc., will be served. The proceeds are for the benefit of the order. All are invited to attend.

——Do not fail to read notice and advertisement of Simon Loeb in this week's issue.

Additional Locals.

——A. H. Frank has left Spring Mills and gone to Milton.

——Call at Loeb's clothing store; examine his stock and prices.

——R. B. Hartman, of Millheim, is recovering from his recent illness.

— The season for deer and rabbits closes on Monday next, 15th.

——Shirts, underwear, hats, caps trunks and valises at cost.—S. Loeb.

——Jas. A. Ott is canvassing for Talmage's last work, "From Manger to the Grave," a very fine work.

——The entire stock of Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte, must be sold before Feb. 1. There are bargains there.

——On Friday Mrs. Joseph Evy, of near Houserville, died of consumption. She was aged about 66 years

——Boots and shoes below actual cost at Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte. Get a bargain before it is too late.

——The George Hubler porker in Miles, of which we made mention two weeks ago, weighed 670.

——The entire stock of Musser's shoe store, Bellefonte, must be sold before Feb. 1. There are bargains there.

— Evening before Christmas the Aaronsburg Lutheran Sunday school, will hold an entertainment in their church.

——Late railroad agent, at Coburn, Mr. Kramer, is an applicant for messenger of the House, at Harrisburg. Hope he'll make it.

——Give Lewins, Bellefonte, your order for a suit. He has one of the most experienced cutters to be had. A fit is guaranteed.

——Rebersburg will have a musical convention to commence evening of 29 Dec., under P. H. Meyer, with Miss Annie Kellar as organist,

——It will not be regretted if you buy your clothing from Lewins, at the Philad. Branch. He guarantees his entire stock.

——It is said that a pure white deer has been seen in the seven mountains, by several hunters, but they failed to get a shot at it.

——We are sorry to hear that our friend George Emerick, below town, lost a valuable horse on Wednesday, from inflamation of the bowels.

——The Philad. Branch is thoroughly reliable, and Lewins has in stock a line of clothing that leads in quality and low prices. Satisfaction always given.

——W. E. Gray, esq., will have charge of the case of Mrs. Fietta Auman, before the pardon board. Mr. Gray is a young lawyer of promise.

——A good warm boot or shoe is needed by all during this winter weather. A. C. Mingle, Bellefonte, keeps a complete stock and at low prices. Gum boots, shoes, etc., a speciality.

——Mr. James Hannah, of Spring Mills, was in town Wednesday. Mr. Hannah called at this office and had the tab on his paper adjusted. He is a very agreeable gentleman and our latch string is always out for him.

——William Lane, a Philipsburg colored man, was killed in Osceola on Friday evening, by being struck on the head with a club in the hands of one William Gray, a porter at the Arlington hotel

——To the few who kindly responded to our needs for arrears on the REPORTER, thanks! Those who have not yet responded will greatly oblige by doing so before the close of the year. St. Paul says, "Owe no man anything."

— On last Monday, at Altoona, the young son of David L. Goodman was standing bewildered in front of an approaching train, when his father, a switchman, sprang forward and pushed him off the track, only to be struck and instantly killed himself.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from the derangement of the Stomach, Bowels and Liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Farmers Mills.

George Smith, wife and daughter, of Topeka, Kansas, arrived here recently and intends spending the winter here for the benefit of Mr. Smith's health, and will make their winter home with Mr. Isaac Smith.

John Neese bid adieu to his friends and left for Canton, O., and next summer he intends going to Texas.

Rev. Aurand intends holding a protracted meeting here in the near future.

Our public school is progressing reasonably well, and the "innocent ones" seem well satisfied.

Katie Lingle is paying an extended visit to her aunt, and some of the boys seem to have caught on to the fact.

George Meiss intends closing out his store here and will have auction.

Last week's snow and freeze up caused the sleigh bells to jingle in every direction.

Died.

SPARR.—In Harris township, Dec. 4, 1890, Mr. Samuel Sparr, aged 81 years, 10 months and 15 days.

Centre Hall Enterprise.

The well known and popular Druggist J. D. Murray has taken the Agency for Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator, which he recommends for the quick cure of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint and all Blood Troubles. Trial bottles free.

It is a well known fact that Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has cured Consumption and Chronic Coughs and Colds when all else failed. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

NEXT WEEK

When in Bellefonte attending the Teacher's Institute, you will make the

Mistake - of - Your - Life !

If you fail to call in and see the line of

o——*H|O|L|I|D|A|Y G|O|O|D|S.*——o

together with the immense stock of Toilet Soaps, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Perfumes, and Toilet requisites, gathered together in

GREEN'S PHARMACY,

Telephone No. 633. Bush House Block, Bellefonte.

COME IN AND SEE US.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

The Holiday Season being close at hand, the question often arises as to where the public can buy the best articles for the least money for presents. I have opened a fine line of goods for the holiday season and at low figures. It is composed of Ladies' and Gent's Gold and Silver Watches, Rings, Ear Drops, Pins, Ladies' Vest and Fob Chains, Plated Neck Chains, a fine assortment of Gents' Vest Chains, Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Gold Pens and Pencils, etc. Also the finest assortment of Silverware ever brought to the section. Come and inspect my stock. It will cost you nothing. They are worth inspecting.

G. W. BUSHMAN.

THE FOUR 5/A FAVORITES.

Two or three dollars for a 5/A Horse Blanket will save double its cost. Your horse will eat less to keep warm and be worth fifty dollars more.

A full line of the above Blankets at Wolf's.

CASH or its EQUIVALENT.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Know ye that on and after Sept. 15th, 1890, I will sell for

CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENT ONLY!

Having been doing a Credit business for 5 years, I find the patron who pays his bills has in a certain measure also to help pay the bad debts, etc, I am satisfied this will be beneficial to you and me Come and see that we are selling goods at *cash prices*. Thanking you for your patronage in the past and soliciting your future trade, I am Very Truly Yours,

R. E. BARTHOLOMEW.

Centre Hall, Sept. 1, 1890. 3m

FOR SALE.—One gray mare eleven years old, good family beast, drives single or double, weighs eleven hundred, for further particulars inquire at this office.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE—THE UNDERsigned offers at private sale a fine homestead, 3 miles south-west of Tusseyville, a tract containing

o——o 97 ACRES LAND, o——o

thereon a 2 story house, barn and outbuildings, with an abundance of choice fruits, and a never failing spring of water. The land is under good cultivation, and about 12 acres are woodland. There are indications of coal on the land.

Terms.—to suit purchaser, or will be exchanged for town property. Apply to

W. R. FROM,
23 oct 3 m Spring Mills.

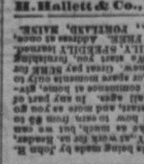
We pay Salary

and expenses to LIVE AGENTS men or women. No drones wanted. Work steady year round and cash weekly. Good pay for part time. Fine outfit free. Experience not needed Send references and stamp at once. J. EUGENE WHITNEY, Rochester, N. Y.

This firm is perfectly responsible. 1 dec 6m

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Fogo, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.

H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine



$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

:o:

FOR THE HOLIDAY GIFT BUYER.

Purse Setts, Manicure and Toilet Cases, Photograph, Letter and Card Cases, Pin Cushion Frames, Bureau, Side Board and Stand Covers, Fur and Plush Capes, Ladies' Coats from $3 to $10. Serges, Surrah and Dress Cloths, Henriettas, make lovely Christmas presents. Nothing makes a mother happier than an elegant Henrietta dress.

Eider Down in a number of shades. Thousands of handsome articles suitable for Christmas presents.

Fire Screen, Umbrella Stands, Handkerchief Cases, Cups and Saucers. A beautiful Muff in a dozen styles of fur. Fur Trimming, Silk Beaver and Feather Trimming.

GARMANS.

Bellefonte.

:o: